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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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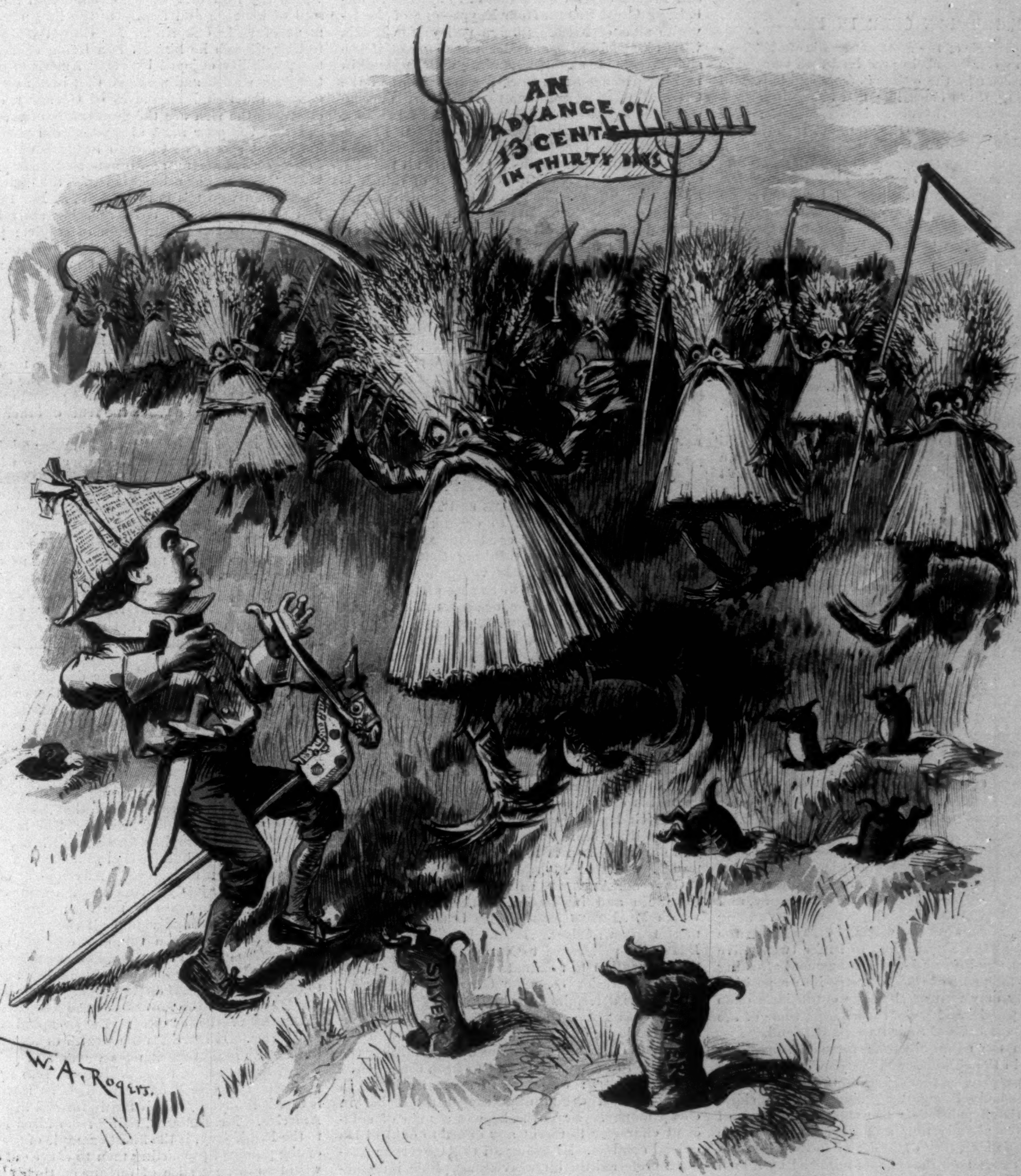
AN
ADVANCE OF
13 CENTS
IN THIRTY DAYS
FREE
SILVER
W. A. Rogers.

WILLIE IN WONDERLAND.

WHEAT JUMPS UP AND SILVER DOWN. CAN THIS BE THE ENEMIES' COUNTRY?

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

NEW YORK CITY, OCTOBER 17, 1896.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK, N.Y.

The Nation's Honor must be Preserved.

For President,
WILLIAM McKINLEY, OF OHIO.

For Vice-President,
GARRET A. HOBART, OF NEW JERSEY.

THE RUSSIAN CZAR IN FRANCE.

THE spectacle of the most autocratic of all European sovereigns being received with transports of enthusiasm by the citizens of a republic would be startling, if not incredible, had not similar demonstrations on previous occasions prepared us for it. Nobody attributes to the young Czar the slightest sympathy with republican institutions, or with any, even the most moderate, form of popular government. Autocracy in the widest sense of the term is his hereditary business, and whenever he has felt called upon to say a word expressing his sentiments upon this subject, his utterances gave no uncertain sound as to his determination to maintain the fulness of his absolute power. Nor does his presence in France as the guest of the nation indicate that he would favor the preservation of republican government in that country. He has, on the contrary, by his hospitable treatment of the Duke of Orleans, the pretender to the French throne, given the world reason to believe that the restoration of the monarchy in France would not be unwelcome to him.. This is by no means unnatural. However expedient a friendly understanding with the French Republic for certain purposes may appear to him, the Russian autocrat will always see in republican institutions anywhere a most offensive and dangerous transgression against the monarchical principle, the divine right of kings, and he would certainly have preferred to find a crowned head, a royal "brother," in the place of President FAURE, a plain business man grown rich, to bid him welcome on French soil.

This incongruity of the situation was keenly felt by many Frenchmen, not only by socialists or extreme radicals, but by many of the old-fashioned republicans who had battled against Cæsarism in the days of NAPOLEON III., and to whose ears the cries of "Vive le Czar!" or "Vive l'Empereur!" with which during the Czar's visit French air resounded, had an odious if not an ominous sound. And it cannot be denied that with so versatile a people as the French such adulation, lavished, for whatever reason, upon the most absolute of monarchs, may prepare a popular state of mind less hostile than it otherwise would have been, to a return of the monarchy, if that should become in any manner possible. There is no doubt, however, that the recent exuberant demonstrations of friendship, far from being intended as expressions of approval of Russian institutions, were only outbursts of popular joy over an alliance which is, not unjustly, believed by the French to have lifted their country out of a position of isolation and impotency, and to have given it once more its proper place among the great powers of the world. Considering the humiliation the French had to suffer twenty-five years ago, any international arrangement affecting the reinstatement of their country into a position of dignity may well awaken the enthusiasm of so proud a people, and make them forget some of the repulsive qualities of their important friend.

But to the calm observer there is something pathetic in the childlike confidence with which the French people give themselves to the delusion that this friendship is equally ardent on both sides. Some French politicians of a more sober cast of mind have already now and then alluded to the fact that so far every outbreak of mutual love between France and Russia was followed by a loan levied by Russia in France, and that thus thousands of millions of francs subscribed by patriotic Frenchmen have found their way into Russian chests. The question may fairly be asked whether these heavy investments of French money in Russia will not, under certain imaginable circumstances, create in the creditor a feeling of dependence on the fortunes or good-will of the debtor, seriously affecting the equality of the position of the two parties to the alliance. It has also been observed that while Russia may have countenanced the colonial aspirations of the French—aspirations of very doubtful expediency to a country hardly holding its own in point of population—French support has been of far greater benefit to Russia in taking advantage of the Japanese victory over China to extend Russian power in Asia. Nor is it to be doubted that Russia counts upon, and will have, the faithful assistance of France in the furtherance of whatever schemes Russia may entertain as to her own aggrandizement when the expected breaking up of the Turkish Empire takes place.

On the other hand, it is very certain that Russia will not countenance any aggressive movement on the part of France to carry out the long-cherished thought of revenge against Germany. It is even very questionable, if a conflict, between Germany and France should come without France being the aggressor, whether the attitude of Russia would not depend upon political considerations altogether foreign to the wishes or interests of France. Neither can France depend upon Russia to aid her in dislodging Great Britain from Egypt—one of the favorite aims of French foreign policy; for Russia will in all probability consider it her interest, if possible, to come to an understanding with England in making arrangements toward a settlement of the Oriental question, and then to use the British occupation of Egypt as a thing to trade on. In short, in this demonstrative friendship between France and Russia the French have so far had all the enthusiasm and the Russians very nearly all the substantial benefit. And this condition of things is likely to continue. The more the French permit themselves to be carried away by their sentimental fervor, the easier will it be for the cool and calculating diplomacy for which the Russian government is renowned, and which of late has achieved such remarkable successes, to draw from France all sorts of service without giving anything in return. And the wellnigh ecstatic rapture caused by the recent visit of the Czar has been well calculated to facilitate this one-sided game. It has long been said that the foreign policy of France is being directed by the Russian embassy in Paris. We shall not be surprised to see French statesmen before long becoming mindful of the fact that the French Republic has interests of its own which are not as safe as they should be in Russian keeping.

THE ALTGELD CAMPAIGN.

THE object of the ALTGELDS and TILLMANS who are supporting BRYAN is to organize a war on capital. They and their candidate are trying to deceive the farmer into thinking that in voting for Mr. BRYAN he is merely voting for a money system under which he will be able more easily to borrow the money that he needs for the conduct of his business. Mr. BRYAN, perhaps, does not know better than this, but ALTGELD does, and TILLMAN does not care. What hampers and injures the farmer is not the character of our money, which Mr. BRYAN thinks is too good, but the inadequate means for its distribution and its lack of elasticity. The farmer needs banking facilities. If he had them, he would discover that he is not now and has not been the victim of the "tyrants" of Wall Street and Lombard Street, but of his neighborhood storekeeper who advances him money on his crops, ungrown and often just planted, for which he charges the farmer exorbitant interest, selling him goods during the time that his grain or his cotton is maturing at unconscionable profits.

Governor ALTGELD, as we have already said, is the brain and inspiration of the movement for which Mr. BRYAN stands. He is the candidate's most trusted adviser. It was he who chose Mr. BRYAN in preference to Mr. BLAND, and induced the convention to nominate the fervid and plastic young Nebraska orator. Governor ALTGELD's choice was determined by his knowledge that Mr. BLAND was not a thorough Populist, but a conservative lover of law and order, a believer in the idea that civilization is advanced by permitting the individual to accumulate and to keep the rewards of his industry; who had, in short, no belief in common with communists except the belief in cheap money. Moreover, he was a man of sufficient character to resent any effort to control his official conduct. Knowing all this, Governor ALTGELD preferred the impulsive, susceptible, imaginative, yielding Mr. BRYAN, who had always shown himself ready to make war on society, who was accepted as a Populist by Populists themselves, and who would be as clay in the hands of the potter under the astute control of the ambitious and unscrupulous Illinois communist, who had become the leader of all the disturbing forces in the country by reason of his defence and pardon of the Chicago anarchists. To Governor ALTGELD the passage of a law establishing free coinage of silver would be but a step towards the general socialism which is the fundamental doctrine of his political belief. The money question is but one of the issues on which he seeks to overturn the old parties, the old traditions, and the essential policies which have controlled the government since its foundation. He favored Mr. BRYAN because he knew that he would be the power in Mr. BRYAN's administration; and he is not seeking merely to make money cheaper, but through a war on capital to revolutionize politics and society.

Governor ALTGELD will probably find that his theories do not appeal to so large a class of people in this country as they did in Germany. His social views are evidently still colored by the conditions of life, not of the Germany of to-day, but of the Germany of half a century ago. He imagines that class distinctions in this republic are as marked, that class prejudices are as deep and hateful, that wealth and position are as unattainable by the poor and lowly, as they were in the old Germany where the iron of tyranny entered into the very soul of his race and family to the long embitterment of their offspring. He cannot escape the feeling, though he himself is a living example of the possibility enjoyed by every American citizen to attain wealth and position, that here as well as among the rich landholders of Germany of the elder day the rich are the persecutors of the poor, and that the poor must always remain poor. In his recent speech at Chicago he gave expression to this overpowering and innate sentiment in this way: "Every time a bond is issued the oppression of the men who toil is increased. . . . For I say to you that swallow-tail coats and big shirt fronts never yet laid the foundation of empire; purple and fine linen never yet built a mighty state. Perfumed handkerchiefs and bright neck-ties are not the forces that sustain the flag of our country in time of peril. The people who have to pay the interest on these bonds, and ultimately have to pay the principal, whose sweat and whose toil have to produce the product to do it, derive not one farthing's benefit from these bonds. The men who get the benefit of these bond issues are the class of people who manage by the aid of government to lick the cream and devour the fruit of other men's industry."

There is not an intelligent, honest, and industrious working-man in this country who will not recognize the intention of Governor ALTGELD, in this imaginative picture of the rich and the poor of this country, to stir up class feeling. There is not one who will not comprehend the malicious and wicked falsehood of the picture. We know that the men who toil do not bear the burdens of the country, and that they are not and will not be burdened by taxes for the payment of the United States bonds. Moreover, the assertion that they are not benefited by everything that maintains the country's honor and protects its credit is an insult to them.

In his intentionally offensive description of the rich, and his mendacious contrast of them with the poor, Governor ALTGELD sought to excite hatred of capitalists. But capital is the breath of life of every business in this country. Capital is accumulated wealth that works, and capitalists are those who make it work. Moreover, there is not an intelligent and industrious young working-man in this country who does not hope that some day he will become a capitalist himself. The man who owns a shop and employs an assistant is beginning a career by which hundreds of thousands of Americans have risen to fortune. Any system of government that unjustly favors the man who borrows capital at the expense of the man who lends, or that denies to the individual all the rewards that his skill and thrift can win, puts capital to sleep. The election of Mr. BRYAN would make money idle, for men will neither invest in enterprises nor lend to others to invest, if their property is to be constantly subject to the attacks of the ALTGELDS and TILLMANS of the country. Busy capital means prosperity. It increases the wealth of its owners, but at the same time it pays wages and salaries, buys raw materials, transforms them into finished products, and breeds new capitalists as rapidly as it breeds interest. This is the industrial history of America. Mr. LINCOLN, rising from hired laborer to the Presidency, is the finest example of the value of the policy of permitting men to carve out of the world as large a slice of fortune as their abilities can compass. The war that ALTGELD would wage on capital would affect the smallest accumulation as well as the largest fortune. It would put an end to hope and ambition. It would pen up forever the men of narrow circumstances. It would kill opportunity, which has been counted the chief blessing of this country. There would then be very little rising from poverty to comfort and from comfort to wealth. Under the ALTGELD system there could be no such career as that of Lincoln. Rail-splitters and flat-boat men might, indeed, become Presidents, but they would not be Lincolns. The kind of government that Altgeld would make would not attract men cast in the large mould in which nature made Abraham Lincoln. Altgeld would frame government for the relief and continuance of incapacity, for the degradation of force, talent, ability, genius, and character; and Mr. Bryan has shown himself worthy to be the candidate of such an attempt. A war on capital means a war on thrift, and Governor Altgeld is likely to find out that thrift and the rewards of thrift are popular in this country, and that it is not the thrifty and hopeful working-men who show their morbid disrespect for themselves by denunciation of fashionable clothes and clean linen, but vulgar demagogues, who are ostracized from decent society by reason of their unscrupulous and seditious opinions and their mendacious tongues.

BRYAN AND THE POPULISTS.

The Populistic notification of Bryan and Watson was managed with some skill. The notifier of Bryan was one, and the notifier of Watson was another. So that the Populist right hand had no official knowledge of what the Populist left hand was doing. Bryan could not complain to his notifier that his esteemed friend Sewall was ignored, and if Watson in his acceptance should take occasion to bark at Sewall, he would be like one baying the moon—not that he would mind that even if it were the silver moon.

Possibly this ingenious arrangement was what Mr. Bryan meant by saying in his letter that the manner in which he had been notified of the Populist nomination had relieved him of all embarrassment. But he also undoubtedly meant that Senator Allen, who has the wisdom of the politician along with the innocence of the granger, had in effect told him that he need not accept any more of the Populist platform than he thought he could take without frightening away any of his Democratic supporters. It was to relieve the embarrassment rather of the Demulists than of the candidate that the crafty Allen put it in this way, if he did not, as seems likely enough, put it in this way after conference with his candidate. He need not have had any solicitude about the acceptance. It is not the official notification that some more people propose to vote for him that embarrasses Mr. Bryan. It is the unofficial notifications that a great many more people, comprising all that there is of character in the Democratic party, do not propose to vote for him.

And indeed all this solicitude about platforms seems very absurd. Why should any man who can swallow the Chicago camel strain at the St. Louis gnat? Free silver, free riot, and contempt of court; there is not a thoughtful tramp in all this broad land who does not find these privileges sufficiently roomy. The main difference between the platforms is that whereas at Chicago they demanded a fifty-cent dollar, "without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation on earth," at St. Louis they demanded a still cheaper dollar, intrinsically worth, in fact, nothing at all. The proposition to double the debt-paying power of a dollar's worth of silver is no more respectable or reasonable or "conservative" than the proposition that values shall be measured by that which has no value. If Senator Allen had insisted upon it, Bryan would no doubt have "gone" the whole St. Louis platform. It is not clear that by going it he would have alienated anybody worth counting of the voters who can go that wonderful Chicago platform, of which Senator Hill is reported to have said, just before its adoption, that no candidate who stood on it could carry a single State in the Union. If it turn out that Senator Hill has been overrating the popular intelligence or the popular morality, it will be his unique error in that kind.

The fact that Mr. Bryan has accepted the Populist nomination on any terms, or on none, will alienate all that is alienable of his Democratic support. His acceptance shows as forcibly as any other one thing the rapid degeneration that has come over the national organization of the Democratic party. Fancy Grover Cleveland, or General Hancock, or Governor Tilden, or even Horace Greeley, conciliating the votes of the wild-eyed and unhappy and impossible persons whom sober citizens have been in the habit of viewing with compassion, and who have among them so many panaceas for the ills of humanity! That they should recognize one of their own kind in the candidate of one of the great parties for the Presidency, and should rally around him, would always heretofore have been considered one of the greatest disasters that could befall him.

There is danger also from the Populist side. It is told of William H. Seward that when he had been elected Governor of New York as an anti-Mason, and went to the State capital, he repaired to the hotel frequented by his party, but left it in a day or two, explaining to a friend that he could stand it no longer. "There are people there who believe in anti-Masonry." There is at least one man who believes in Populism, being otherwise of sound and disposing mind and memory. His name is Watson. He further believes that Populism has been ill-treated in his person, and he has already shown a capacity for making himself extremely disagreeable to the political hucksters who have undertaken to dispose of the Populist vote. It is scarcely too much to say that he has impressed impartial observers as the most honest and the clearest-headed person in the whole Popocratic combination. Certainly he has told more truths by tongue and pen than all the rest put together. There is no reason for supposing that his capacity for getting himself disliked by inopportune truth-telling is exhausted. And his formal notification gives him an excellent occasion for its exercise.

THE SILVER CRAZE A THREAT TO THE CHURCHES.

It should be borne in mind by every voter in the country that if the silver craze should carry in the elections, the disaster to the churches, the clergy, and every humane institution in the United States would be beyond all calculation. Here is a danger to the moral and ecclesiastical life of the nation which it is natural to overlook in view of the great prominence of the multiform economic evils which would follow the reign of fraud.

There are in this country nearly 112,000 clergymen in the various religious communions, including both Protestant and Roman Catholic. These men are intrusted with vast responsibility. The churches which they represent have chosen them as their standard-bearers in the occupation of their pulpits, the management of their missionary and other great charities, and, with rare exceptions, the editorial conduct of their press. Nearly all the denominational educational institutions of the United States are in the hands of the clergy, the men being placed in these important positions because of the confidence of the churches in the ability and character of the incumbents.

All these people live on fixed salaries. When one of them does not need his salary, having private resources, the case is not altered. His office is salaried, and it is only an incident, and a rare one, when the occupant is independent of it. If the salary, instead of being paid in dollars equivalent to gold, as is now the fact, should be reduced by a cut of forty-seven cents on every dollar, what would become of the support of this immense number of educated leaders of thought? They would have to buy with only fifty-three cents what now they have one hundred cents to buy with. It would be practically cutting every salary in two in the middle.

But would the salaries of these 112,000 clergy be increased by the prevalence of free silver? They would not. Of all salaries in American life, those of the clergy are least likely to be affected by any ascending scale. They do not respond in any material degree to improvement in business. They vary but slightly even taking the comparison by decades into account. The precedent of one year, in the salary of a clergyman, is the standard for another and another for indefinite periods. It is not likely, with the startling facts of ecclesiastical history before us, that a single salary of an American clergyman would be advanced in proportion to the actual cutting of the purchasing power of the salary now received.

Besides, the churches are conducting vast missionary, church-building, Bible-circulation, denominational-school, and many other forms of activity. They must do it all themselves, of the free will of the communicants, as not a dollar comes from the United States Treasury. Take the most numerous Protestant body as an illustration, namely, the Methodist Episcopal. The total amount of money raised by this one Church during the year 1894 was over $24,000,000. The minimum of loss entailed by the foisting of free silver upon this important Church would be nearly $12,000,000. The same ratio of loss would come to all our churches.

The Roman Catholic Church would be one of the worst sufferers. Imagine the loss to the clerical support, monasteries, asylums, convents, protectories, and schools of all grades! The change of the standard to free silver would simply paralyze this immense net-work of humane and educational life to an extent that would be felt in every nook and corner of the land.

In the *Forum* of May, 1896, is an article by Dr. H. K. Carroll, the editor of the ecclesiastical department of the last United States census, in which the writer states that the annual income of only five Protestant denominations—Protestant Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal, Northern Presbyterian, Regular Baptist, and Congregationalist—is $70,246,000. Now were the iniquity of free silver to prevail, there would be a reduction in the income of these five churches alone of $33,015,620. The estimate of the total for all Christian churches of the United States is $150,000,000. On this, if free silver should take the place of the present gold standard, there would be an annual loss of $70,500,000.

With these facts staring the churches in the face, only one thing is to be done—such a calamity must not come. Already the threat has been working havoc. All the great benevolent forces have been arrested. What would happen if the threat should be fulfilled? The dishonesty of free silver would produce such harm as many a subsequent year of honest currency would not be able to heal.

The fact is, that no friend of the entire American church, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic—for in this possible fate all are in equal danger—can look upon the policy of Bryan, Tillman, and Altgeld without alarm.

Surely such dishonesty cannot prevail. But to defeat it every voter of honest instincts will do all in his power to prevent such a revolution in our currency as free silver would produce. We have every hope for the triumph of the right. The American church has been such a powerful force in the development of our national life, and has such a firm hold on the affections of our citizens, that the conscience of the voting millions will protect it at the polls, and banish free silver to the oblivion which it, with all other forms of political debauchery, most richly merits.

CAMPAIGN MENDACITIES.

As soon as an honest man learns that he has been deceived by a false statement, which he has repeated to others, he loses no time in making amends by undeceiving those who have taken his word. If he does not do this the falsehood becomes his own. Several forgeries have been prominent in this campaign, all of them in aid of the cause of Mr. Bryan. One of them is an alleged editorial taken from the *London Financial News*. Another is a letter signed by one J. Francis Forsythe, purporting to be written from Wall Street in this city. The imaginary Mr. Forsythe pretends to speak for an equally imaginary "committee of political education of Wall Street." A third is a letter written by Prince Bismarck to Governor Culberson of Texas, who elicited it for the purpose of affecting the votes of the Germans of Texas. With only one of these, the Bismarck letter, has Mr. Bryan had any direct connection.

The editorial utterance attributed to the *Financial News* is calculated to strengthen and sustain those who are contending that Great Britain is anxious that we shall remain a gold-standard country, because she would then continue to dominate us, while we should continue to be her abject slave, subject to the whims and selfishness of Lombard Street. In passing, it might be said that notwithstanding its supposed overlordship in money matters, Lombard Street is now demonstrating its inability to prevent the flow of gold to this country in obedience to natural trade laws. It is fitting that such a foolish contention should be supported by a forgery, and that it is a forgery has been proved more than once. The *Financial News* itself has twice denied the editorial. The only effect that this demonstration has produced on those engaged in spreading the forgery, however, is characteristic of willing dupes. They have simply changed the alleged date of the publication.

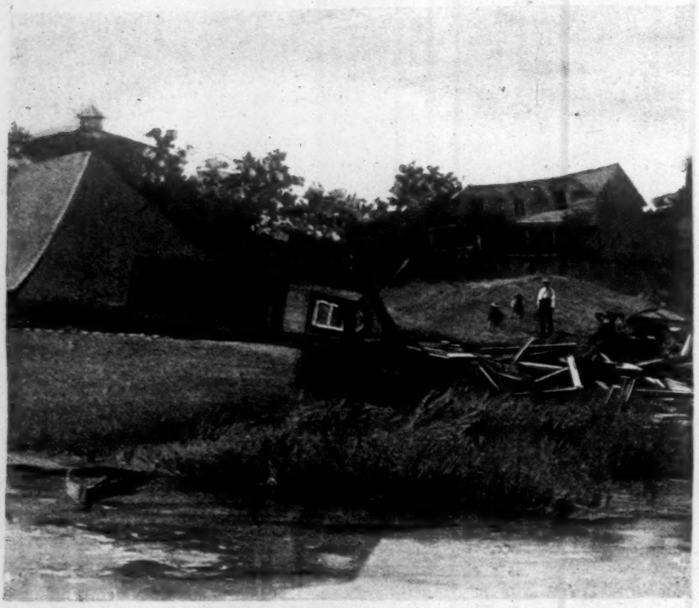
As to Mr. Forsythe and his letter, it has been abundantly proved that there is no Mr. Forsythe at 11 Wall Street who represents a "committee of political education of Wall Street," and that there is no such committee. But notwithstanding this the Forsythe letter continues to be circulated by editors and orators who are supporting Mr. Bryan.

The Bismarck letter has attracted more attention than the other two mendacities, because Mr. Bryan has used it a good deal. This letter was elicited by Governor Culberson, and it was then mistranslated, by design or through ignorance, with the effect of misrepresenting Prince Bismarck, who is really no authority whatever on financial questions, and who has himself more than once admitted this. The mistranslation made Prince Bismarck say, "I hold that this is the very hour that would be advisable to bring about between the nations chiefly engaged in the world's commerce a mutual agreement in favor of the establishment of bimetallism." What he did say was, "I believe to this day that it would be commendable to obtain by endeavors of those nations chiefly engaged in the world's commerce an agreement in the direction of bimetallism."

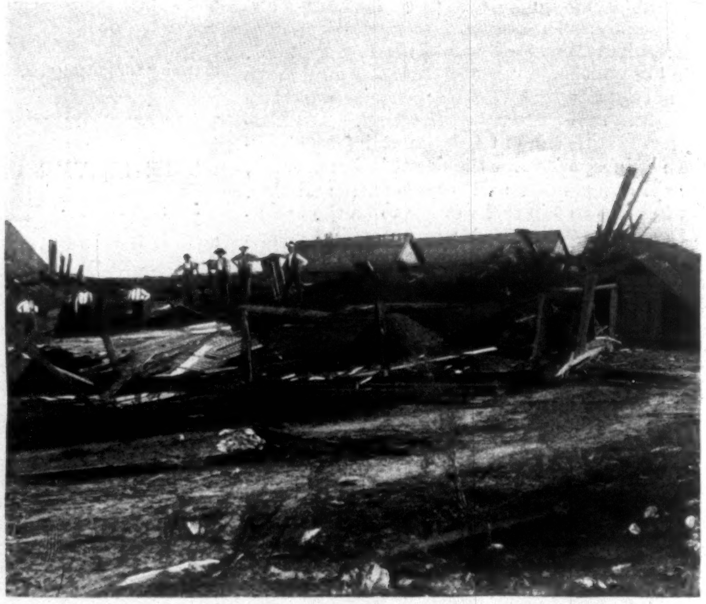
He was also represented by the false translation as saying that "if the people of the United States should find it compatible with their interests to take independent action in the direction of bimetallism, I cannot but believe that such action would exert a most salutary influence upon the consummation of international agreement." The true translation is somewhat different from this; but as there is no importance whatever, even in the untruthful translation, it is hardly worth while to exploit the difference. The demerits of the letter, well or ill translated, have been fully shown by Mr. Andrew D. White, in a letter to Governor Culberson. Mr. White was the United States Minister to Germany when silver was demonetized in that country, and vouches for it that the demonetization was ordered by Bismarck, who "brought German finance upon a gold basis." He also points out that the German government has a vast store of silver bullion which it would like to sell at the temporary advance that would follow the triumph of free coinage. Bismarck is therefore the natural ally of our own silver-mine owners, and would love to dupe the Americans into making a market for Germany's stock of silver. It was Bismarck also, says Mr. White, who refused to consider a proposition to discuss international bimetallism with this country and France, and even declined to see our representative, Mr. Walker. Mr. White continues:

> "Prince Bismarck is, first of all, as many of his victims beside your Excellency and Mr. Bryan have sad occasion to know, a great German patriot, devoted above all things to German interests as he understands them.
>
> "Hence it was that he demonetized silver and brought Germany on a gold basis, and for the same patriotic reasons which are now leading the great Russian Minister of Finance, Mr. De Witte, to do the same thing. Hence it was, too, that Prince Bismarck did his best to exclude from Germany our American agricultural products, especially our pork and potatoes, under the plea of trichina in one and Colorado bugs on the other; and hence, doubtless, it is that he shows his German patriotism by obligingly suggesting to you, and through you to the American people, a policy which would profit Germany to the amount of about fifty millions of dollars, to say nothing of comfortable profits to the German bullion-brokers."

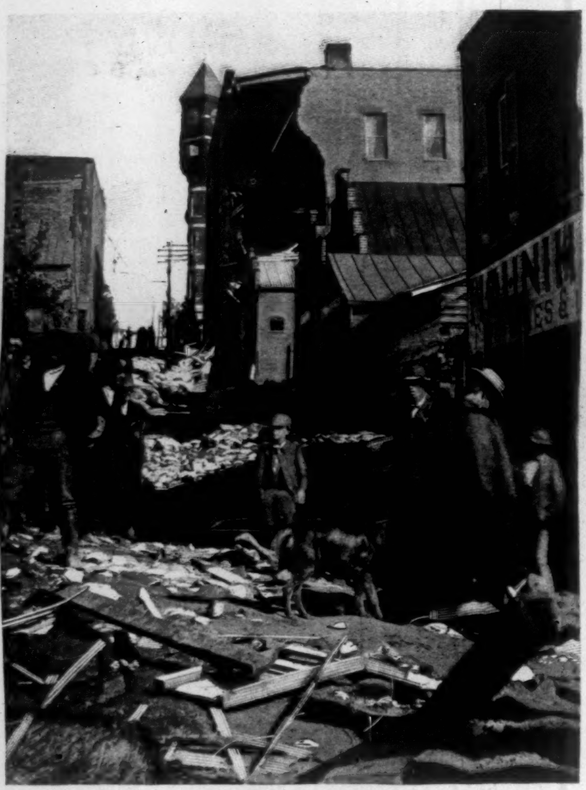
We quote this to show the folly of Mr. Bryan in using the letter at all; but what shall be said also of his failure to acknowledge that he has been using a false translation, and spreading abroad an untruth which, the longer it remains uncontradicted and unexplained, becomes the more and more deliberate? If Mr. Bryan sticks to this falsehood, can he any longer be supposed to be a truthful man?



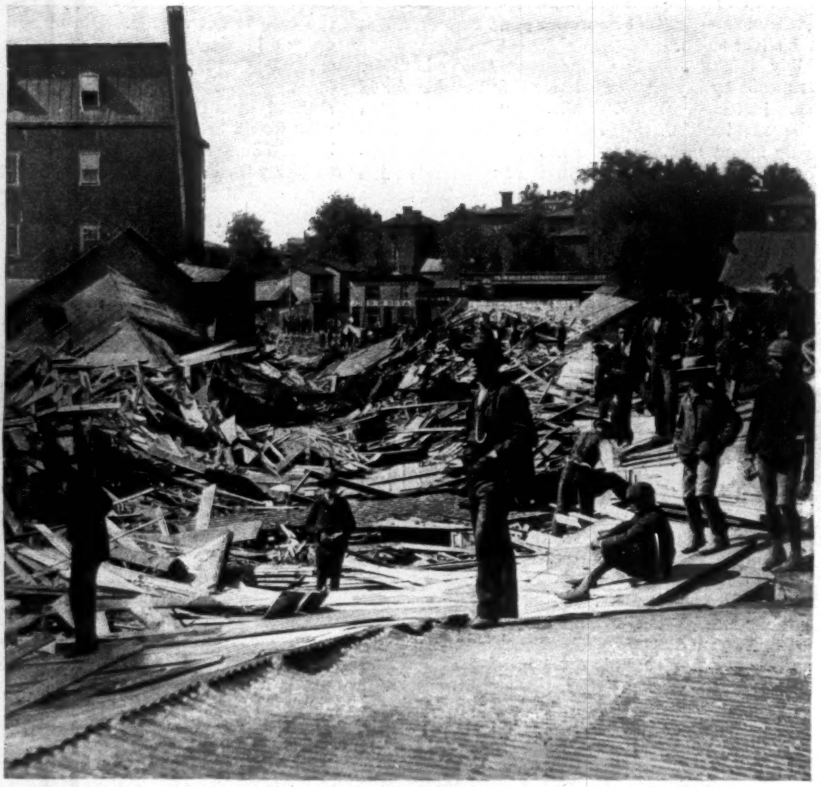
LOOKING WEST FROM THE PLANK WALK ON D STREET, CEDAR KEYS, FLORIDA.



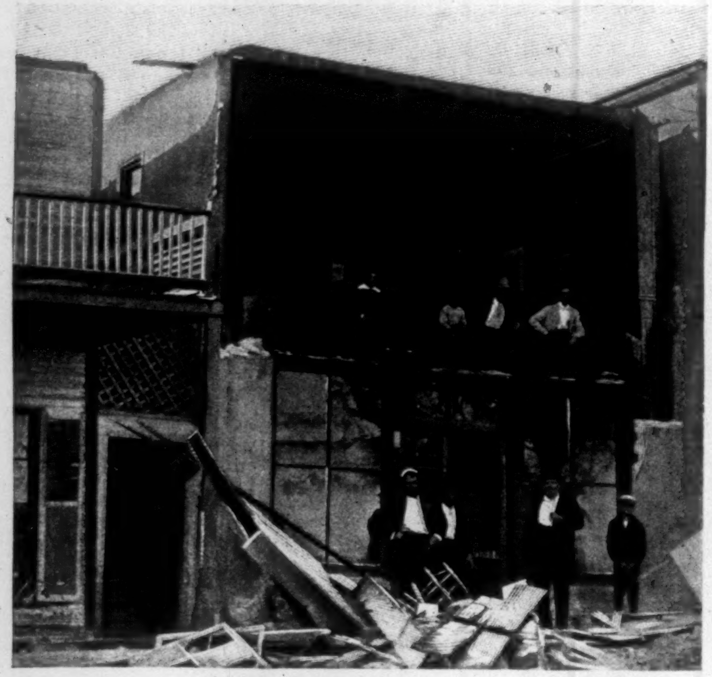
THE WRECK OF A FURNITURE FACTORY AT HIGH SPRINGS, FLORIDA.



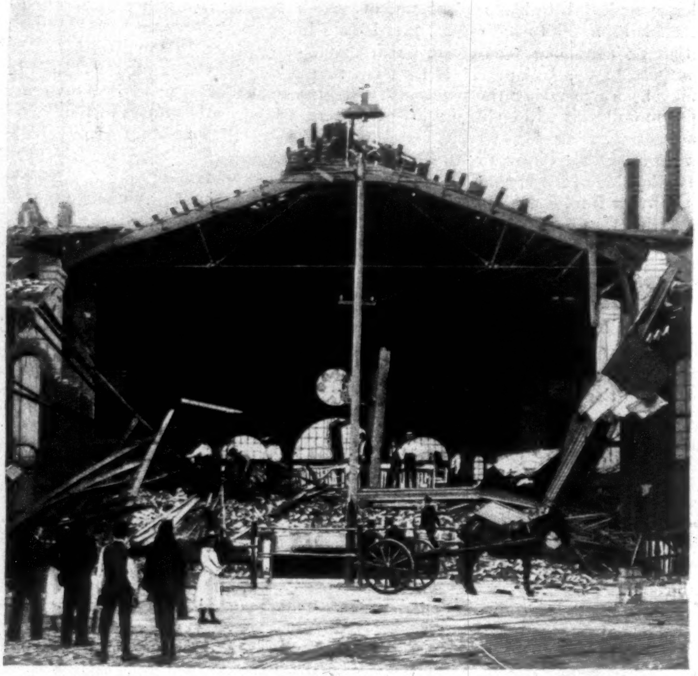
DESTRUCTION ON CENTRAL AVENUE NORTH FROM JOHNSON STREET, STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.



RUINS BELOW JOHNSON STREET BACK OF THE CREEK, STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.



WRECK OF A STORE IN CEDAR KEYS, FLORIDA.



THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE CITY MARKET, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.
Photographed by Wilson & Royall.

DESTRUCTION CAUSED BY THE SOUTHERN CYCLONE OF SEPTEMBER 29.—[SEE PAGE 1034.]

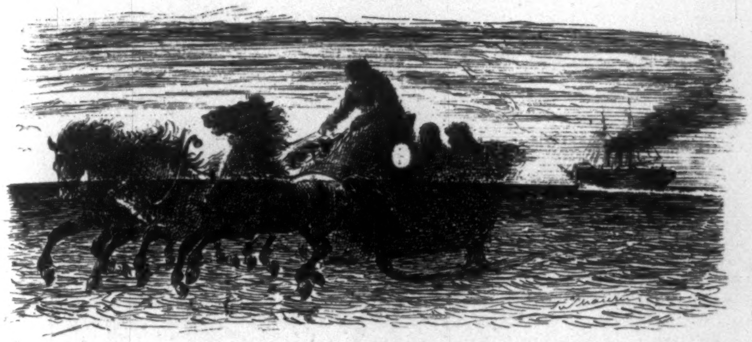
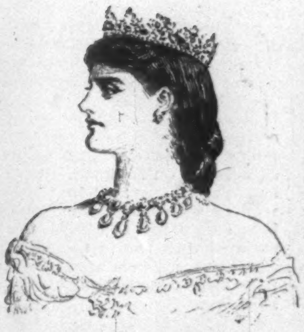
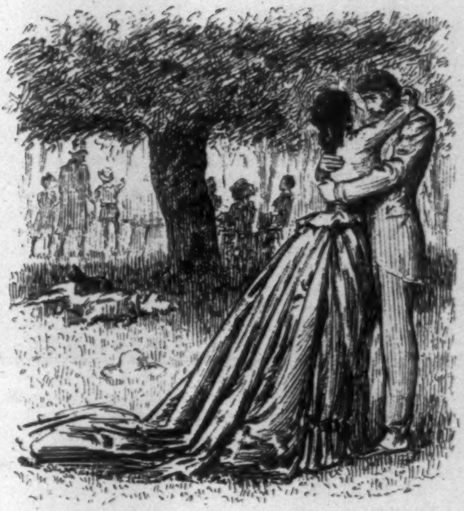


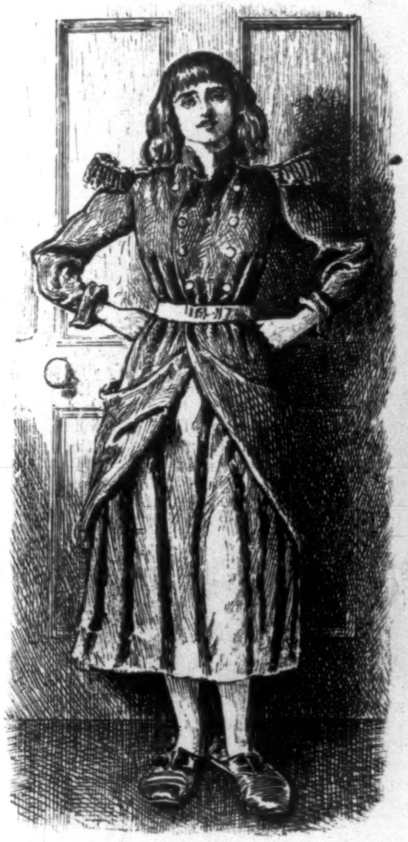
ILLUSTRATION.—"Peter Ibbetson."



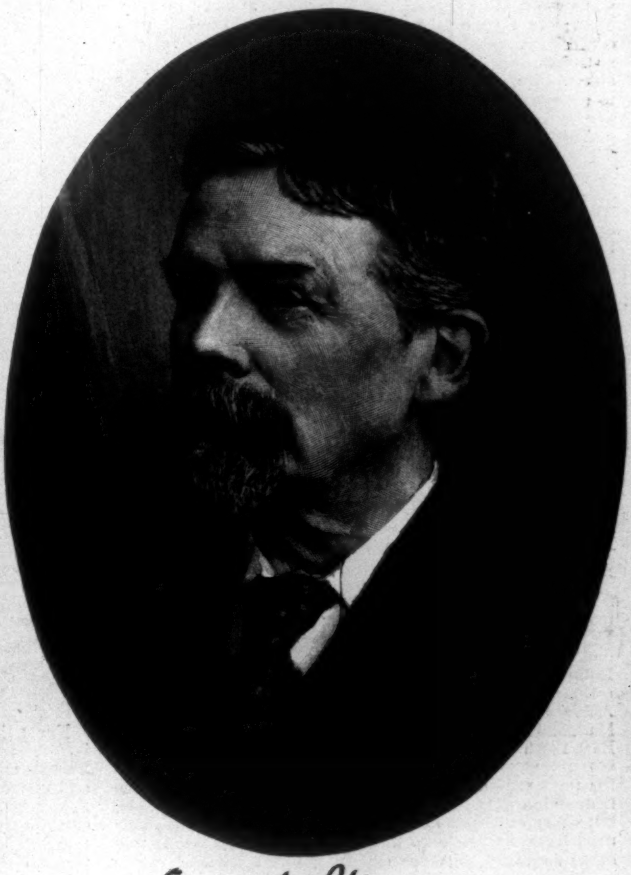
MARY, DUCHESS OF TOWERS.
"Peter Ibbetson."



"AT LAST SHE ARRIVED."—"Peter Ibbetson."

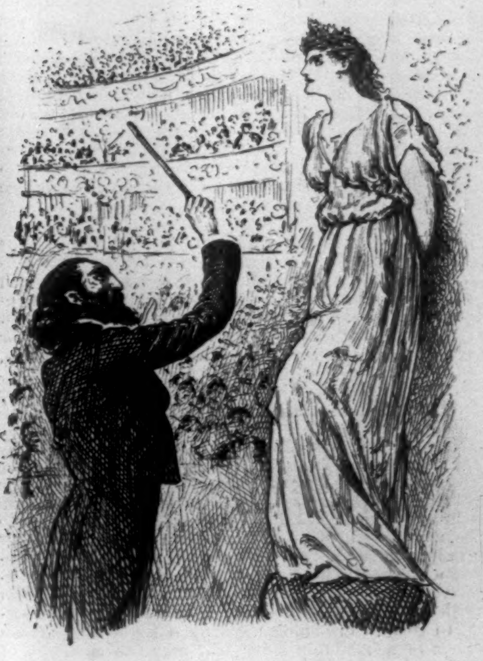


WISTFUL AND SWEET.—"Trilby."

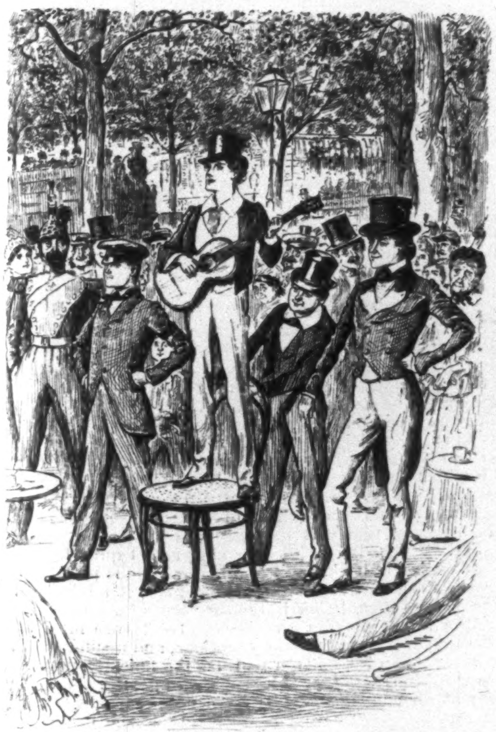


Geo. du Maurier

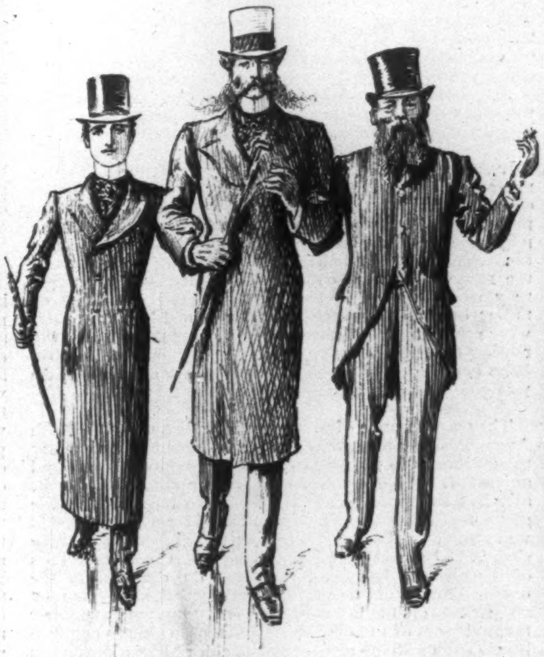
DIED OCTOBER 8, 1896.



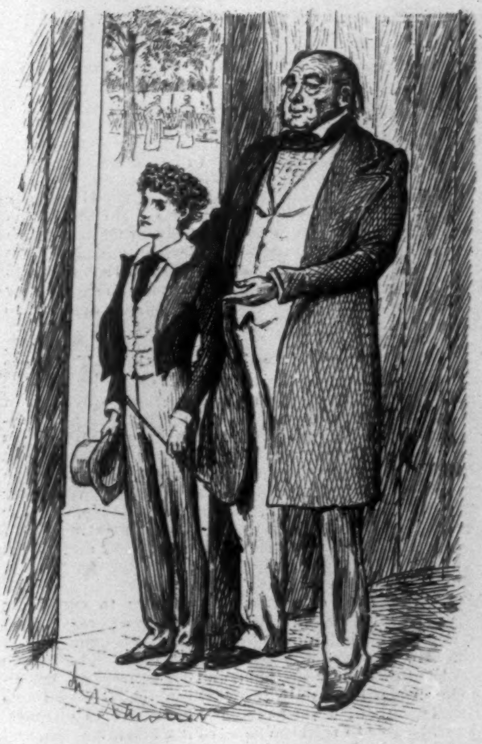
"AU CLAIR DE LA LUNE."—"Trilby."



"AMIS, LA MATINÉE EST BELLE."—"The Martian."
(Unpublished.)



"THREE MUSKETEERS OF THE BRUSH."—"Trilby."



THE NEW BOY.—"The Martian."

THE LATE GEORGE DU MAURIER, WITH SOME ILLUSTRATIONS FROM HIS WORKS.—[See Page 1023.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

Writing about "the Expenditure of the Rich," Mr. Godkin discourages millionaires from building huge houses, because, he says, they cannot hope to get together a large company of people at any one time who are worth entertaining. We have no capital, he says, to draw on for a large company of men and women who will amuse each other in a social way even from Friday to Monday. It would be easy enough, he thinks, to fill forty or fifty rooms with people; but once there, what would they talk about? Stocks, says Mr. Godkin; and if that is ruled out, then the size of the host's fortune and that of some other persons present. "The absence," he adds, "of anything we can call society—that is, the union of wealth and culture in the same persons—in all the large American cities, except possibly Boston, is one of the marked and remarkable features of our time."

This is a compliment to Boston, which, it is to be hoped, she may appreciate. The sentiment of New York is that there are more individuals of any given variety in New York than in Boston—more, for example, who unite wealth with culture—but that they are harder to catch and group, because they are scattered among so many people of other varieties. Loyal New-Yorkers all believe that a very good Boston could be carved out of New York and carried away, and that there would be enough left to make a superlatively fine Chicago, but perhaps Mr. Godkin would not endorse that opinion.

It seems excusable to suggest that when Mr. Godkin asserts that forty or fifty Americans, gathered in a country house over Sunday, must talk stocks or nothing, he overlooks the immense usefulness of horse as a topic of conversation. It is perfectly well known by actual test that in a house of reasonable propinquity to a hunting district, horse can be talked day in and day out for weeks together, at meals and between them, without causing the conversers to feel that they have more than nibbled around the subject. Mr. Godkin should visit thoroughly on Long Island and in Westchester County, in certain environs of Philadelphia, on the North Shore of Massachusetts, and in the Genesee Valley, before he ventures to make dogmatic assertions about the scope or endurance of American culture.

It has been the custom at Harvard to allot scholarships only to students who actually needed them. The university is very rich in prizes of this sort, some of which are reserved by the terms of their foundation to impecunious students, while many others are not so limited. It is stated in the *Sun* that hereafter these prizes will be thrown open to general competition. This innovation, though doubtless it will apply to a part of the scholarships only, is decidedly interesting, and its results will be watched with attention. To be sure it will have the effect of diverting some few scholarships from lads who need them to lads who do not, but this result is not likely to be a serious consideration, because the majority of the best scholars are among the poorer students anyway. The good effects which may be expected from the change are that it will give an additional incentive to all students to work, and that it will make all the scholarships better worth having to the men who win them. To be the winner of a Harvard scholarship ought to be an enviable distinction, but so long as an affidavit of need was a condition precedent to the capture of these prizes there was a drawback to them. Throwing them open to be allotted on grounds of scholarship alone will make the winners of them happier and prouder in their possession than they have been wont to be. In time past it has not been generally known who had scholarships and who did not. No doubt it is part of the new plan to publish the names of the winners.

Bishop William David Walker, of North Dakota, who was chosen on October 7 to succeed Bishop Coxe in the Episcopal Diocese of Western New York, is fifty-seven years old, a native of New York, and a graduate of Columbia of the Class of '59. He has been Bishop of North Dakota since 1883, and for some years has been one of the Indian commissioners of the United States Government. He is a D.D. of Racine College (1884) and of Oxford (1894), and LL.D. of Griswold College (1888) and of Trinity College, Dublin (1894), and a D.C.L. of the University of Kings College, Windsor, Nova Scotia. He was consecrated Bishop of Dakota in 1883, in Calvary Church, New York, the same church in which he was ordained twenty years before. There was some expectation that the Diocese of Western New York would be divided before a new bishop was chosen, but the council at Buffalo declined to consider a motion introduced to that effect.

William Morris certainly lived a full life. There are those who held that at the time of his death he was the equal of any living English poet, if not the greatest of them all. He was an artist, too, a vehement and outspoken socialist, and in some of the obituary notices he is spoken of as a millionaire manufacturer. That a poet should be a millionaire manufacturer is contradiction enough without making him a socialist too. Whatever Morris did he did with taste, and taste is valuable, whether it goes into wall-paper, pictures, poetry, or printing, all of which industries Mr. Morris used with profit and to his advantage.

Mr. J. M. Barrie comes to this country to spend six weeks in rest and travel. He is going to see parts of Canada, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and, of course, New York. He has come at a good time of year. The people are in the towns or near them, and he can see an American October, which is always worth while. He will also see something of a very memorable American election, and will be able to read the news of it while it is fresh, and to watch stocks jump up or down as the case may be. If Mr. Barrie can arrange to spend the fourth day of November in the vicinity of Wall Street, it is likely that he will find much there to interest him.

The politeness of the Pope's letter to Bishop Keane, deposing him from the control of the Catholic University at Washington, is only equalled by the suavity of Bishop Keane's reply to the Pope. Dr. Keane becomes an archbishop, and leaves the university. It is said that his deposition is simply in accordance with the Roman practice, and again it is said that he is deposed because he is too much in sympathy with Archbishop Ireland to suit the Roman taste. If he has been kicked up stairs, it has been done with superlative elegance, and he has accepted his elevation with admirable decorum.

Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop seems to depend on her own resources alone for the beginnings of her plan to aid poor cancer patients in New York. She has hired a floor of a house on Scammel Street (between East Broadway and Water Street), where she will live, and for the present manage a dispensary for cancer patients, going out from it to visit patients at their homes. A trained nurse is associated with her in the work. If she can demonstrate that there is urgent need of a cancer hospital in the poorer part of the town, she hopes eventually to secure funds to start one.

Commissioner Roosevelt is advertising for policemen again. The work is interesting and the pay very good, yet he says he cannot get men enough of the right quality to fill out the force. It seems surprising. Idle men who want work are supposed to be always aplenty in New York; but then only a small percentage of the idle men could be expected to come up to the commissioner's standard. The average idle man is idle because he is not profitable to hire, and that sort of man is not likely nowadays to get a police-force job.

Apropos of an allusion in this Department last week to the Solent and the complaints that the American liners ran through it too fast, it is worth noting that a recent London despatch states that the American Steamship Company says it has received no complaints, but that its captains are under orders to go slow in narrow channels, and that it will be glad to learn of violations of these instructions.

There is a plan afoot to have a National Congress of mothers in Washington next February, to take thought and action and exchange ideas about the raising and training of children. The plan was discussed and earnestly approved at some of the mothers' meetings at Chautauqua in 1895. It is estimated that there are about fourteen million mothers in the United States, besides many other women who have maternal sentiments and would be welcome at the congress. Wherever they live they are invited to form clubs, which may send delegates to this national convention. Among the names that appear in the circular that explains the project are those of Mrs. Adlai Stevenson, Mrs. John G. Carlisle, Mrs. W. L. Wilson, and Mrs. Hearst. The headquarters of the congress is at 1400 New Hampshire Avenue, Washington.

The People's Singing-Classes in New York began their fifth season on Sunday, October 4. They are under the management of the People's Choral Union, of which Mr. Frank Damrosch is the director. There are six of them, and they meet every Sunday afternoon from 2.30 to 4, at Botanic Hall, 68 East Broadway; Caledonian Hall, 10 Horatio Street; New York Turn Hall, 66 East Fourth Street; Adelphi Hall, 201 West Fifty-second Street; Maennerchor Hall, 203 East Fifty-sixth Street; and Majestic Hall, 117 East 125th Street. The membership fee for these classes is ten cents a lesson for a course of thirty lessons. The fee pays rent and the cost of the music distributed; the instruction is free. The classes are for working-people, but every one who is qualified is welcome. Applicants need have no previous knowledge of music, nor is any special quality of voice essential; but a musical ear is necessary, and a serious purpose to study. Men who apply must be over eighteen, women over sixteen.

The purpose of these singing-classes, which have been conducted under Mr. Frank Damrosch's direction most successfully for four years, is to teach people at very low cost how to read music from notes. Graduates who have taken not less than twenty lessons are entitled to enter the Advanced Class, and later to join the People's Choral Union, both of which meet under Mr. Damrosch's personal direction at Cooper Institute on Sunday afternoons. The classes are useful socially as well as musically, and at least one great social gathering of all of them is held every year, at which there is a concert and dancing.

Applications for membership of all the classes may be made at the respective classes, or to the secretary of the People's Choral Union, 41 University Place.

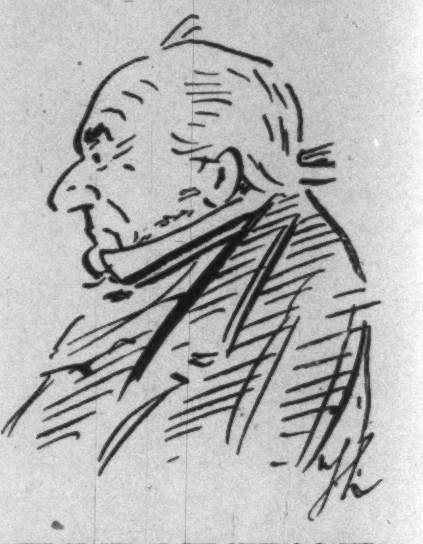
In England the fight against the use of birds in trimming ladies' hats is warmly prosecuted. A recent development of it was the exposure of a prevalent deception practised by many London milliners, who, finding the prejudice against egret's plumes so general as to be a hinderance to trade, had been selling these plumes under the name of "brush ospreys," with the assurance that they were artificial and cost no bird its life. Most of these "ospreys," however, when examined by naturalists, were pronounced to be the true egret's plumes, which the mother-bird wears only when she is raising a family. Who ever heard of another case where a genuine article was guaranteed to be bogus to help the sale of it?

The reappearance of woman on Broadway and the Fifth Avenue enables observers resident in New York to satisfy themselves as to the truth of the rumor lately whispered about that the balloon sleeve had been punctured in Paris, and had collapsed to about the dimensions of a Suède glove, topped at the shoulder with big round puffs. It was stated weeks ago that gowns equipped with these sleeves had already appeared at Newport and other lairs of the obstinately solvent, and that the diffusion of the new fashion would be very general by fall, and so it now appears. What is not as yet generally known is whether the designers of the new sleeve have been able to contrive it into such a shape as cannot be achieved by a dexterous use of old sleeve materials. To invent a big sleeve which cannot be imitated out of the materials of a small one is no trick at all, but to devise a small sleeve into which a big sleeve cannot be made over would seem to take talent, and if the fashion-makers have done it they deserve credit of the sort that we yield to successful crime. Of course they have tried to do it. The chief end and purpose of every new fashion is to put clothes in use out of style, and to defeat the efforts of the worthy poor to alter and to adapt them.

E. S. Martin.

I had the pleasure of a chat with Sir Frank Lockwood a few hours before he sailed, and when the news of Lord Rosebery's resignation had just arrived to astonish and confound him. He was in capital spirits and pleasantly retrospective on the details of his visit here, but unable to give any adequate reason for Lord Rosebery's sudden resolution. In the House of Commons Sir Frank's great delight—a delight which even the dignity of a seat on the front bench has not done away with—is to pen humorous sketches of his fellow-members, and pass them round among his neighbors. He is the caricaturist of the House, just as Sir Wilfred Lawson is its poet. The pages of *Punch* and the *Pall Mall Budget* used often to be the livelier for his comical drawings. Mindful of his ancient skill, I pressed him for a sketch of some kind. He declared his mind was an absolute blank, and that anyway he did not want to say farewell to America leaving a caricature behind him; so we fell to talking politics again. He dwelt on the curious position in which Lord Rosebery has been placed, technically the leader of the Liberal party, but inevitably thrown into the shade whenever Mr. Gladstone chose to assert his matchless authority. "Who will be his successor?" I asked. "An idea, an idea," exclaimed Sir Frank, jumping up from his chair and seizing pen and paper. "How will this do?" he asked, at the end of two minutes, handing me the accompanying sketch. "Here is the leader of the Liberal party."

Picaroon.



"THE LEADER OF THE LIBERAL PARTY."
Pen-and-Ink Sketch by Sir Frank Lockwood.

LONDON.

From the quiet life of Balmoral, the Czar has plunged into the round of pleasures prepared for him by his fervid French admirers. His visit has been so strictly private and uneventful that the public has taken little interest in it, beyond speculating on its possible bearing on the Eastern question. The astonishing change in the attitude of the Russian press towards England may be merely a matter of ordinary politeness; or, as is more generally believed, it may be the result of the Czar's interview with Lord Salisbury. It is said that Russia is ready to act alone in Armenia and to bring the Porte to reason. England generally is getting heartily sick of the whole business, and would willingly be rid of all responsibility. But the only way to settle the Eastern question once and for all is to allow Russia the free passage of the Dardanelles, and the consequent suzerainty over Turkey. No sane person doubts that Russia must eventually secure an outlet to the Mediterranean. England has gone to war once, and nearly to war twice, to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. It is only the dread of Russian aggression that has kept England from handing the Porte over to her long ago. A good many people are beginning to ask whether it is worth while to resist the inevitable any longer, and whether this Russian aggression is such a very terrible thing after all. Certainly, if the Czar is allowed a free hand in dealing with Turkey, we shall hear no more of Armenian or Bulgarian atrocities. On the other hand, the Czar will want his *quid pro quo* for doing Europe's dirty work for her, and he will find it in the Dardanelles.

Not even the most patriotic Tyrtæus of the music-halls has been able to find any inspiration in the Egyptian campaign. The size and discipline of the British force put all thought of serious battle with the Dervishes out of the question. The entry into Dongola and the capture of about one thousand prisoners, with a fair supply of arms, was an entirely bloodless triumph; though some satisfaction can be had from the ease, success, and completeness with which the campaign has been conducted. The opposition press is beginning to call for more details of the official plans, and to complain of this resurrection of the old Disraelian policy of keeping the country entirely in the dark. Nobody outside Downing Street quite knows what is going to happen. For all the public is permitted to see of the motives of the undertaking, it might be a mere roving commission in the direction of the equator. But the public, having an absolute confidence in Lord Salisbury, does not ask many questions, and assumes that the recapture of Khartum will be the finishing-post of the expedition. So far as the Dervishes go, the war is already at an end; they simply have no more fight left in them. The reoccupation of Khartum is the next and most necessary step towards the pacification of the Sudan.

The strike among the London cabmen has had the effect of waking up the railway companies to their deficiencies in the way of handling baggage. While the strike lasts the companies have agreed to forward baggage to the passenger's house at a cost of threepence per piece. There seems no reason why they should drop the practice when the strike is over. The old system was the most vexatious that could well be imagined. You hung round the baggage-van, with a porter at your elbow, in a crowd of excited, jostling fellow-passengers, and pushed and scrambled and fought to get a view of your belongings. You pointed them out to your porter—if by that time he had not vanished—and he entered the barriers and engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle for their possession. The English are gradually Americanizing their railroads. Pullman and buffet cars have already supplanted the old stuffy hen-coops on long-distance journeys, and travelling through England may be as much a comfort in a few years' time as it is a torture to-day. S. B.

PARIS.

Just now there is utter indifference on the part of the European world as to what France may be trying to do with Madagascar. Kings and emperors have enough to attend to at present nearer their own palatial residences, and for the nonce are swopping uniforms, exchanging photographs, and playing civil to one another. Madagascar is a sizeable quantity, some 900 miles in length, 300 miles from the African coast, and thousands of leagues distant from Paris. How many of the islanders are under the control of the tricolor no one, not even M. Hanotaux, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, knows. It is said that no one, either white or black, has ever been able to move from the extreme southern to the northernmost point of the island. For some years France has been bothering with a particularly unruly tribe, the Hovas, and now her policy seems to be to put these savages to the front as the champions of civilization. You may search long before you can find out how many Frenchmen there are in Madagascar who are not soldiers. Possibly the English are actuated by jealousy when they say that there are fewer than 400 Frenchmen who are *bona fide* settlers. Our own business with Madagascar is of no importance, and yet why does M. Hanotaux want a protective tariff there? If there were by chance any more Frenchmen who wanted to go to Madagascar, what better method is there of preventing immigration than to increase the cost of all the goods new-comers have to use? But the main question is this: Does France so teem with Frenchmen? Can she afford to lose her population? The census shows us diminishing, not increasing, figures. Of all her colonization schemes that of Madagascar is the worst, the most impracticable. B. P.

CHICAGO.

One hundred and fifty million documents of various kinds have been distributed from the Republican headquarters at Chicago. They would make sixty car-loads, and weigh in the aggregate 1200 tons. There are 145 distinct documents, according to the latest reports, more than half of which are in foreign languages—German, Italian, French, Bohemian, Swedish, Norwegian, Polish, Dutch, Finnish, and Hebrew. And thus the campaign of education goes merrily on. It is gratifying to know that by far the largest number of these documents deal with the money question, those in greatest demand being Mr. McKinley's letter of acceptance and Mr. Schurz's Chicago address. We have probably never had a Presidential campaign in which so direct an appeal upon so large a scale has been made to the intelligence and the moral sense of voters. Besides the immediate effect of ensuring the defeat of the repudiators, we may confidently expect a lasting effect in the creation of a rational and convinced body of public opinion upon a subject that has never before been brought home to the people at large.

The infantry regiment (the Fifteenth) that has been stationed at Fort Sheridan for the past six years is about to depart. Several unfortunate events have given it of late more than its share of notoriety, and its officers have for some time been expecting to hear something drop in the War Department. The order for the transfer has at last been issued at Washington, and the new quarters of the regiment are to be in three forts of New Mexico and Arizona, thus giving its men a chance to fight Apaches in place of the task of repressing labor riots in a great city. Its place will be taken by the Fourth Regiment, under the command of Colonel Robert H. Hall, now stationed in the Northwest, where it has been for eleven years. Fort Sheridan is one of the most desirable army posts in the country, its beautiful situation on the Lake Michigan bluffs and its proximity to Chicago making it very attractive to officers and privates. The greater cost of living, as compared with frontier conditions, is, however, something of a drawback to officers who depend upon their salaries alone; the houses are larger than elsewhere, and cost more to maintain, and most of the attractions offered by a great city are of the expensive sort. But the Fourth is not likely to grumble over the change in its condition. W. M. P.

BOSTON.

A queer example of paternal legislation will be found in the "Massachusetts Hospital for Dipsomaniacs and Inebriates"—an institution established and maintained by the State at considerable expense. The apparent object was to provide a State reformatory for the better class of drunkards, and commitments are made to the hospital, as to a prison, by the courts. Private patients also are sent to it, and the two classes held together. Of the convicts, one-half have escaped during the past year, and the percentage of escaped among the private patients was seventy-five. A member of the State Board of Lunacy and Charity describes the place as one where "drunkards spend their time regaling each other with stories of their exploits when drunk." The folly of this institution was described in its very name—"a hospital for dipsomaniacs and inebriates"! Perhaps a reformatory for drunkards would have worked better. H. C. M.

NEW ORLEANS.

The attempt to enforce the Sunday law in New Orleans is going through the same experience it has encountered ever since it became a law, ten years ago. There is a period when the law is completely ignored; then it is enforced, or at least there are arrests made and indictments found under it, but when the cases come to trial there is always the same story—a succession of acquittals and mistrials, followed by another period of non-enforcement of the law. There have been thousands of arrests made for violating the law, but convictions are almost impossible. New Orleans is just now witnessing the most determined effort ever made to punish offenders, but it is proving, like all previous efforts, a failure. Its failure now will probably bring about an abandonment of an effort to enforce "the American Sabbath" in a city where a majority of the population are against it, and only a small fraction of them of Anglo-Saxon descent.

Mr. E. E. Corthell, the engineer who assisted Captain Eads in the construction of the Mississippi jetties, and who knows as much about the lower delta of the great river as any man living, thoroughly confirms the declaration of the United States engineers and others that the land below New Orleans is sinking—and sinking rapidly—into the Gulf of Mexico. Mr. Corthell, from his careful and thorough survey of the river, is able to give some of the strongest confirmatory evidence on this point. He discovered, for instance, the old Balize Fort, built by the French two centuries ago on Bayou Balize, one of the old mouths of the river, and was able to explain the mystery of its disappearance. It had not been destroyed, as popularly supposed, but had sunk almost out of sight with the sinking land. The commercial mouth of the Mississippi (the one used by vessels) has changed a half-dozen times in the last two centuries, having been Bayou Balize, Passe à Loutre, Southwest Pass at various times, and being South Pass to-day. The old fort at Balize was deserted years ago. When Mr. Corthell examined it this spring, he found it standing in over ten feet of water, whereas it was built on dry land. The masonry was in a perfect state of preservation, and uncracked, having sunk with the land, so that the water was nearly on a level with the top of the fort, which had almost completely disappeared from view. From a careful examination he concluded that the land at the mouth of the Mississippi is subsiding with great regularity at the rate of one-tenth of one foot per annum.

Each year during the past half-dozen a storm has come from the Gulf of Mexico during September which has brought with it heavy loss of life and property. Sometimes it has struck on the coast of Louisiana or Texas, but oftener on that of Florida, stretching from that peninsula to Canada, and making itself felt throughout the Atlantic coast. Such was the direction of this year's "equinoctial," the story of whose ravages is not yet fully told. In view of the fact that complete and timely warning of these tornadoes would save thousands of lives—a warning of the Chénière Caminada storm off the Louisiana coast in 1893 would have reduced the loss of life there alone at least two thousand—it would seem that the United States could with great advantage increase its Weather Bureau service in the West Indies and Mexico, where these storms originate, as they usually wander around for a week or more before they strike the American coast. Here is a chance of making forecasts of far more importance, so far as human life is concerned, than all the other forecasts of the year. N. W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Major-General Miles has been inspecting the entrance to San Francisco Harbor in order to decide upon the best places for mounting the heavy guns for coast defence. He declares that Gibraltar is no stronger naturally than the northern entrance to this bay. The hills there reach a height of nine hundred feet, and as the formation is rock, mortar batteries may be established which would be impregnable. Only two of the seventy-eight high-power guns ordered for the harbor have been mounted. San Francisco capitalists will be relieved when the hills that command the Golden Gate are actually converted into a new Gibraltar, for they have not forgotten their fright during the Chilian revolution, when it was feared that the powerful cruiser *Esmeralda* was on her way to this port to levy a big contribution in hard cash or to shell the city.

Four large clipper ships with cargoes of California wheat and barley are now racing from San Francisco to Queenstown. There is rivalry to see which vessel will reach her destination first, and there is a good business reason for a speedy return voyage, as a large amount of wheat is ready for shipment and good prices are paid for this service. Among the vessels attracted by the demand for wheat cargoes is the whaleback sailing-ship *Bermuda*, which is a "freak" in sea architecture, as she has no bulwarks, and only two small houses on her decks. The ship proved a good sailer in the rough voyage around Cape Horn. Twenty English tramp steamers have also been chartered to carry this California wheat to British flour-mills. Over half of these steamers have already cleared with large cargoes.

Street-car postal service is now fairly introduced in San Francisco, two cars running over the cable roads and one car over the electric lines. The cars are modelled after those in use in New York. The new service is a great improvement, as many districts are hilly, and the gathering of mail by wagons was slow. It also forced the abandonment of the old post-office as a mailing centre, and practically transferred all the work to the new station at the foot of Market Street, from which nearly all the cable and electric lines start.

Professor Brewer, of Yale, who was in California recently as a member of the government commission to inspect national parks, was shocked by the criminal waste of fine timber on the slopes of Mount Shasta. He assisted in the State geological survey over thirty years ago, and then he was much impressed with the superb growth of giant pines and firs that towered hundreds of feet in the air around the flanks of Shasta. In the last seven years most of this forest has been swept away by the lumber companies. Only in inaccessible cañons can one see to-day the magnificent trees which once covered all the slopes of California's most picturesque mountains. The same waste of fine timber is seen all along the western side of the Sierra Nevada. What makes this vandalism worse is that much of this timber is cut from government land to which the lumber-thieves have no legal claim. The Interior Department has had a special agent in California for three years gathering evidence of such frauds, and it is now ready to begin suits, which will prove costly to many large lumber companies. G. H. F.

GEORGE DU MAURIER.

If George du Maurier were known to us only as the greatest humorous artist of England—a distinction accorded him by general consent for nearly thirty years—his death would be regarded as a serious and irreparable loss. He was the natural successor of John Leech, and Mr. Henry James has truly said that "since 1868 *Punch* has been, artistically speaking, George du Maurier." But, from that region of art which itself lies nearest the world of letters, Du Maurier has in recent years, in the afternoon of his life, passed into the proper domain of literature, as easily as if it were his native air, and, in its most sharply contested field, has won not merely the rapturous applause but the very hearts of thousands of readers, to whom the news of his death has brought the pain of a personal grief.

The unprecedented success of *Trilby* brought to Du Maurier a larger audience than either Dickens or Thackeray had won at the height of their fame, and certain qualities peculiar to this remarkable novel made its author seem as lovable to his readers as its heroine was fascinating. This sudden popularity came to him at threescore, and in what way and how deeply it impressed him will be apparent from certain features which he has introduced into his new novel, *The Martian*, just begun in Harper's Magazine. It is, indeed, possible that his "boom," as he called it, may have been too tense a strain, and that the heart more quickly failed beneath the pressure of his double crown.

To one looking back upon Du Maurier's art-work the transition to the literary field seems quite natural—necessary, indeed, to the full expression of the kind of genius more than merely indicated in his best drawings. The legends attached to his humorous sketches were especially felicitous, but almost always there was something in the drawing beyond the point made. In other pictures the expectation of a story was strongly awakened—the air waited to vibrate to an articulate utterance. We see, now that the stories suggested are just such as Du Maurier has been telling us, with the same tall ladies in them, the same naïve children, and the same haunting mystery, whose secret is hidden in some beyond-world, and at the same time vividly expressed in the youth and beauty, the passion and pain, of the world we wakefully live in.

These written stories refuse to be classed. Du Maurier has had no model. He leans toward Thackeray, as in his earlier drawings he leaned toward Leech. He has Thackeray's winning intimacy with his reader; but this habit is more natively his own than it is Thackeray's. His style in no special way resembles or recalls Thackeray's. For that matter, the idea of a literary style never occurs to Du Maurier's reader. Literature itself, in its own realm, seems to have been displaced by all the arts and by the throbbing pulse of life. How aptly Mr. Henry James expresses this when he speaks of "the irresponsible, personal pitch of a style so talked and smoked, so drawn, so danced, so played, so whistled and sung, that it never occurs to us even to ask ourselves whether it is written"!

We should seek in vain to find in the outward facts or conditions of Du Maurier's life—and among these the Parisian influence during the plastic period of his early youth seems paramount—the secret of his success; nor by frequenting his different haunts could we discover the originals of his creations. No atelier of the Latin Quarter ever entertained a Trilby, even unawares. The inert environment is to the creative genius but the mere irritant of imaginative sensibility. Actual experiences are something more, the matrix "of giant forms to come"; but even here the outward husk must die, consumed in the creative flame. And it is peculiar to Du Maurier that his distinctive creations are resurrections of vanished forms, not reappearing as ghostly *revenants*, or as simply remembered, in the ordinary sense of recollection, but as creatively re-membered, fresh embodiments, perennially young and beautiful.

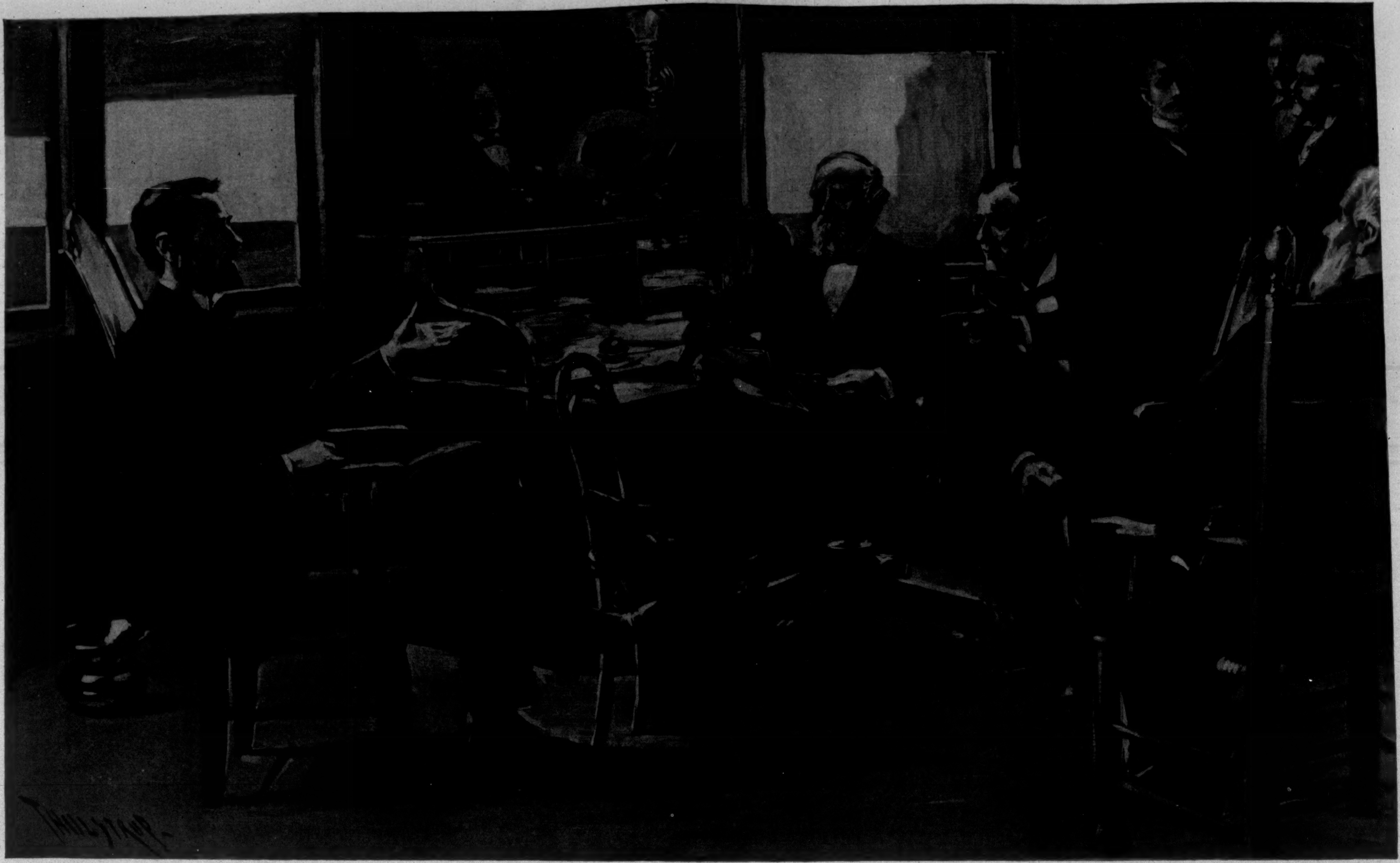
The insistence upon disembodiment is absolute for Du Maurier, emphasized in all his main characters, upon whom the seal of death is set that he may give them resurrection and new bodies. We are made to feel the souls of things as well as of persons, as if the material world itself had vanished, and were now drawn from afar, with all its native wonder, into this new embodiment. And what stress is placed upon the very body in this new world! We first note Little Billee's love when we surprise him in the act of drawing Trilby's foot!

Working with this magic, the master conquers. In *Peter Ibbetson* the drama was very far withdrawn, but an audience select though few was held spellbound. Could anything have been more original than its theme—*To Dream True.* The implication of the novel was the greater reality of the world which only mystically appears—that is, to closed eyes; but the philosophic intention is not obtruded, even if definitely entertained by the author himself.

How was it that *Trilby* captivated the world? No one can tell. We only know that the novelist has taken us out of the world of *ennui* and of jaded sensibilities so prominent in recent fiction, and made us feel the strong pulse and beautiful mystery of human life on its crescent side, where there is increase and bounty, and where girls grow as tall as the divine women in Botticelli's pictures, and look as new.

The Martian, Du Maurier's new novel and his last, has the same charm of reminiscence as *Trilby*, and the same mystical correspondence of the seen with the unseen that characterized *Peter Ibbetson*. The invisible heroine, from whom the novel derives its title, belongs to the planet Mars. The hero, Barty Josselin, physiologically as sensitive as the magnetic needle and as responsive, has us under his spell from the moment when he draws the fat white mouse from the inside pocket of his Eton jacket until his death. In accordance with the necessity which we have already noticed as peculiar to the author, the novel opens with the statement of the hero's death: "Barty Josselin is no more!" Then the field is clear and the Wonder begins, proceeding through liveliest scenes of school-boy mirth and youthful love and aspiration, until it brings the hero to the summit of earthly fame as the most successful author of his time. As will readily be guessed, the novel is in many ways autobiographic, and the author's death, just as the story is beginning to appear in serial form, gives a special and pathetic significance to every successive stage in Barty Josselin's strange career. The first chapter seems to begin another story, opening with the sad words, "George du Maurier is no more!"

H. M. A.



Governor John P. Altgeld. Senator James K. Jones, Chairman of the National Committee. William J. Bryan.

A CONFERENCE AT THE POPOCRATIC HEADQUARTERS, CHICAGO.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

THE LANDLORD AT LION'S HEAD.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS,

AUTHOR OF "A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES," "THE QUALITY OF MERCY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

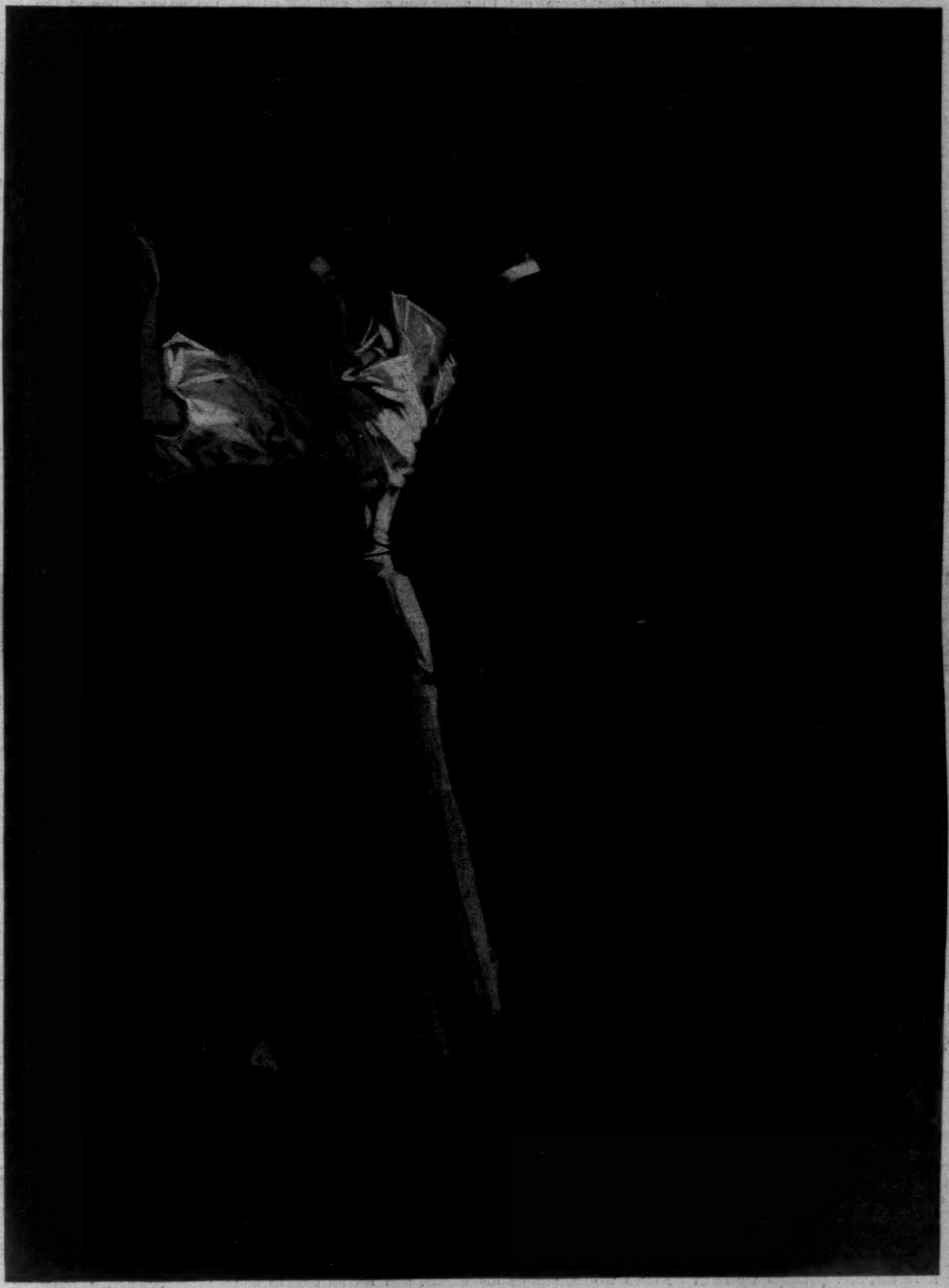
XLII.

TOWARD the end of April most people who had places at the Shore were mostly in them, but they came up to town on frequent errands, and had one effect of evanescence with people who still remained in their Boston houses provisionally, and seemed more than half absent. The Enderbys had been at the Shore for a fortnight, and the Lyndes were going to be a fortnight longer in Boston, yet as Bessie made her friend observe, when Mary ran in for lunch, or stopped for a moment on her way to the train, every few days, they were both of the same transitory quality.

"It might as well be I as you," Bessie said one day, "if we only think so. It's all very weird, dear, and I'm not sure but it *is* you who sit day after day at my lonely casement and watch the sparrows examining the fuzzy buds of the Jap ivy to see just how soon they can hope to build in the vines. Do you object to the ivy buds looking so very much like snipped woollen rags? If you do, I'm sure it's you, here in my place, for when I come up to town in your personality, it sets my teeth on edge. In fact, that's the worst thing about Boston now—the fuzzy ivy buds; there's so much ivy! When you can forget the buds, there are a great many things to make you happy. I feel quite as if we were spending the summer in town; and I feel very adventurous and very virtuous, like some sort of self-righteous bohemian. You don't know how I look down on people who have gone out of town. I consider them very selfish and heartless; I don't know why, exactly. But when we have a good marrow-freezing northeasterly storm, and the newspapers come out with their ironical congratulations to the tax-dodgers at the Shore, I feel that Providence is on my side, and I'm getting my reward, even in *this* world." Bessie suddenly laughed. "I see by your expression of fixed inattention, Molly, that you're thinking of Mr. Durgin!"

Mary gave a start of protest, but she was too honest to deny the fact outright, and Bessie ran on:

"No, we *don't* sit on a bench in the Common, or even in the Garden, or on the walk in Commonwealth Avenue. If we come to it later, as the season advances, I shall make him stay quite at the other end of the bench, and not put his hand along the top. You needn't be afraid, Molly; all the proprieties shall be religiously observed. Perhaps I shall ask Aunt Louisa to let us sit out on her front steps, when the evenings get warmer; but I assure you it's much more comfortable in-doors yet, even in town, though you'll hardly believe it at the Shore. Shall you come up to Class day?"



"WILL YOU LET ME PASS?"

"Oh, I don't know," Mary began, with a sigh of the baffled hope and the inextinguishable expectation which the mention of Class day stirs in the heart of every Boston girl past twenty.

"Yes!" said Bessie, with a sigh burlesqued from Mary's. "That is what we all say, and it is certainly the most maddening of human festivals. I suppose, if we were quite left to ourselves, we shouldn't go; but we seem never to be, quite. After every Class day I say to myself that nothing on earth could induce me to go to another; but when it comes round again, I find myself grasping at any straw of a pretext. I'm pretending now that I've a tender obligation to go because it's *his* Class day."

"Bessie!" cried Mary Enderby. "You don't mean it!"

"Not if I *say* it, Mary dear. What did I promise you about the pericardiac symptoms? But I feel—I feel that if *he* asks me I must go. Shouldn't you like to go and see a *jay* Class day—be part of it? Think of going once to the Pi Ute spread—or whatever it is! And dancing in their tent! And being left out of the Gym, and Beck! Yes, I ought to go, so that it can be brought home to me, and I can have a realizing sense of what I am doing, and be stayed in my mad career."

"Perhaps," Mary Enderby suggested, colorlessly, "he will be devoted to his own people." She had a cold fascination in the picture Bessie's words had conjured up, and she was saying this less to Bessie than to herself.

"And I should meet them—his mothers and sisters!" Bessie dramatized an excess of anguish. "Oh, Mary, that is the very thorn I have been trying *not* to press my heart against; and does *your* hand commend it my embrace? His folks! Yes, they would be *folks*; and *what* folks! I think I am getting a realizing sense. Wait! Don't speak—don't move, Molly!" Bessie dropped her chin into her hand, and stared straight forward, gripping Mary Enderby's hand.

Mary withdrew it. "I shall have to go, Bessie," she said. "How is your aunt?"

"Must you? Then I shall always say that it was your fault that I couldn't get a realizing sense—that you prevented me, just when I was about to see myself as others see me—as you see me. She's very well!" Bessie sighed in earnest, and her friend gave her hand a little pressure of true sympathy. "But of course it's rather dull here, now."

"I hate to have you staying on. Couldn't you come down to us for a week?"

"No. We both think it's best to be here when Alan gets back. We want him to go down with us." Bessie had seldom spoken openly with Mary Enderby about her brother; but that was rather from Mary's shrinking than her own; she knew that everybody understood his case. She went so far now as to say: "He's ever so much better than he has been. We have such hopes of him, if he can keep well, when he gets back this time."

"Oh, I know he *will*," said Mary, fervently. "I'm *sure* of it. Couldn't *we* do something for you, Bessie?"

"No, there isn't anything. But—thank you. I know you always think of me, and that's worlds. When are you coming up again?"

"I don't know. Next week, some time."

"Come in and see me—and Alan, if he should be at home. He likes you, and he will be so glad."

Mary kissed Bessie for consent. "You know how much I admire Alan: He could be anything."

"Yes, he could. *If* he could!"

Bessie seldom put so much earnest in anything, and Mary loved (as she would have said) the sad sincerity, the honest hopelessness of her tone. "We must help him. I know we can."

"We must try. But people who could—*if* they could—" Bessie stopped.

Her friend divined that she was no longer speaking wholly of her brother, but she said: "There isn't any if about it; and there are no ifs about anything if we only think so. It's a sin not to think so."

The mixture of severity and of optimism in the nature of her friend had often amused Bessie, and it did not escape her tacit notice in even so serious a moment as this. Her theory was that she was shocked to recognize it now, because of its relation to her brother, but her theories did not always agree with the facts.

That evening, however, she was truly surprised when, after a rather belated ring at the door, the card of Mr. Thomas Jefferson Durgin came up to her from the reception-room. Her aunt had gone to bed, and she had a luxurious moment in which she reaped all the reward of self-denial by supposing herself to have foregone the pleasure of seeing him, and sending down word that she was not at home. She did not wish indeed to see him, but she wished to know how he felt warranted in calling in the evening, and it was this unworthy curiosity which she stifled for that luxurious moment. The next with undiminished dignity she said, "Ask him to come up, Andrew," and she waited in the library for him to offer a justification of the liberty he had taken.

He offered none whatever, but behaved at once as if he had always had the habit of calling in the evening, or as if it was a general custom which he need not account for in his own case. He brought her a book which they had talked of at their last meeting, but he made no excuse or pretext of it.

He said it was a beautiful night, and that he had found it rather warm walking in from Cambridge. The exercise had moistened his whole rich red color, and fine drops of perspiration stood on his clean-shaven upper lip, and in the hollow between his underlip and his bold chin;

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2063.

he pushed back the coarse dark-yellow hair from his forehead with his handkerchief, and let his eyes mock her from under his thick straw-colored eyebrows. She knew that he was enjoying his own impudence, and he was so handsome that she could not refuse to enjoy it with him. She asked him if he would not have a fan, and he allowed her to get it for him from the mantel. "Will you have some tea?" she pursued.

"No; but a glass of water, if you please," he said, and Bessie rang and sent for some Apollinaris, which Jeff drank a great goblet of when it came. Then he lay back in the deep chair he had taken, with the air of being ready for any little amusing thing she had to say.

"Are you still a pessimist, Mr. Durgin?" she asked, tentatively, with the effect of innocence that he knew meant mischief.

"No," he said. "I'm a reformed optimist."

"What is that?"

"It's a man who can't believe all the good he would like, but likes to believe all the good he can."

Bessie said it over, with burlesque thoughtfulness. "There was a girl here to-day," she said, solemnly, "who must have been a reformed pessimist, then, for she said the same thing."

"Oh! Miss Enderby," said Jeff.

Bessie started. "You're preternatural! But what a pity you should be mistaken. How came you to think of her?"

"She doesn't like me, and you always put me on trial, after she's been here."

"Am I putting you on trial now? It's your guilty conscience! Why shouldn't Mary Enderby like you?"

"Because I'm not good enough."

"Oh! And what has that to do with people's liking you? If that was a reason, how many friends do you think you would have?"

"I'm not sure that I should have any."

"And doesn't that make you feel badly?"

"Very."

"You don't show it!"

"I don't want to grieve you."

"Oh, I'm not sure *that* would grieve me."

"Well, I thought I wouldn't risk it."

"How considerate of you!"

They had come to a little barrier, up that way, and could go no further. Jeff said, "I've just been interviewing another reformed pessimist."

"Mr. Westover?"

"You're preternatural too. And you're not mistaken, either. Do you ever go to his studio?"

"No; I haven't been there since he told me it would be of no use to come as a student. He can be terribly frank."

"Nobody knows that better than I do," said Jeff, with a smile for the notion of Westover's frankness as he had repeatedly experienced it. "But he means well."

"Oh, that's what they always say. But *all* the frankness can't be well meant. Why should uncandor be the only form of malevolence?"

"That's a good idea. I believe I'll put that up on Westover the next time he's frank."

"And will you tell me what he says?"

"Oh, I don't know about that." Jeff lay back in his chair at large ease, and chuckled. "I should like to tell you what he's just been saying to me, but I don't believe I can."

"Do!"

"You know he was up at Lion's Head in February, and got a winter impression of the mountain. Did you see it?"

"No. Was that what you were talking about?"

"We talked about something a great deal more interesting—the impression he got of me."

"Winter impression?"

"Cold enough. He had come to the conclusion that I was very selfish and unworthy; that I used other people for my own advantage, or let them use themselves; that I was treacherous and vindictive, and if I didn't betray a man I couldn't be happy till I had beaten him. He said that if I ever behaved well, it came after I had been successful one way or the other."

"How perfectly fascinating!" Bessie rested her elbow on the corner of the table, and her chin in the palm of the hand whose thin fingers tapped her red lips; the light sleeve fell down and showed her pretty, lean little forearm. "Did it strike you as true, at all?"

"I could see how it might strike him as true."

"Now *you* are candid. But go on! What did he expect you to do about it?"

"Nothing. He said he didn't suppose I could help it."

"This is immense," said Bessie. "I hope I'm taking it all in. How came he to give you this flattering little impression? So hopeful, too! Or, perhaps your frankness doesn't go any farther?"

"Oh, I don't mind saying. He seemed to think it was a sort of abstract duty he owed to my people."

"Your—folks?" asked Bessie.

"Yes," said Jeff, with a certain dryness. But as her face looked blankly innocent, he must have decided that she meant nothing offensive. He relaxed into a broad smile. "It's a queer household up there, in the winter. I wonder what you would think of it."

"You might describe it to me, and perhaps we shall see."

"You couldn't realize it," said Jeff, with a finality that piqued her. He reached out for the bottle of Apollinaris, with somehow the effect of being in another student's room, and poured himself a glass. This would have amused her, nine times out of ten, but the tenth time had come when she chose to resent it.

"I suppose," she said, "you are all very much excited about Class day at Cambridge."

"That sounds like a remark made to open the way to conversation." Jeff went on to burlesque a reply in the same spirit. "Oh, very much so indeed, Miss Lynde! We are all looking forward to it *so* eagerly. Are you coming?"

She rejected his lead with a slight sigh so skilfully drawn that it deceived him when she said, gravely: "I don't know. It's apt to be a very baffling time at the best. All the men that you like are taken up with their own people, and even the men that you don't like overvalue themselves, and think they're doing you a favor if they give you a turn at the Gym, or bring you a plate of something."

"Well, they are, aren't they?"

"I suppose, yes, that's what makes me hate it. One doesn't like to have such men do one a favor. And then, Juniors get younger every year! Even a nice Junior is only a Junior," she concluded, with a sad fall of her mocking voice.

"I don't believe there's a Senior in Harvard that wouldn't forsake his family and come to the rescue if your feelings could be known," said Jeff. He lifted the bottle at his elbow and found it empty, and this seemed to remind him to rise.

"Don't *make* them known, please," said Bessie. "I shouldn't want an ovation." She sat, after he had risen, as if she wished to detain him, but when he came up to take leave she had to put her hand in his. She looked at it there, and so did he; it seemed very little and slim, about one-third the size of his palm, and it seemed to go to nothing in his grasp. "*I* should think," she added, "that the jays would have the best time on Class day. I should like to dance at one of their spreads, and do everything they did. It would be twice the fun, and there would be some nature in it. I should like to see a jay Class day.

"If you'll come out, I'll show you one," said Jeff, without wincing.

"Oh, will you?" she said, taking away her hand. "That would be delightful. But what would become of your—folks?" She caught a corner of her mouth with her teeth, as if the word had slipped out.

"Do you call them folks?" asked Jeff, quietly.

"I—supposed— Don't you?"

"Not in Boston. I do at Lion's Head."

"Oh! Well—people."

"I don't know as they're coming."

"How delightful! I don't mean that; but if they're not, and if you really *knew* some jays, and could get me a little glimpse of their Class day—"

"I think I could manage it for you." He spoke as before, but he looked at her with a mockery in his lips and eyes as intelligent as her own, and the latent change in his mood gave her the sense of being in the presence of a vivid emotion. She rose in her excitement; she could see that he admired her, and was enjoying her insolence too, in a way, though a way that she did not think she quite understood; and she had the wish to make him admire her a little more.

She let a light of laughter come into her eyes, of harmless mischief played to an end. "I don't deserve your kindness, and I won't come. I've been very wicked, don't you think?"

"Not very—for *you*," said Jeff.

"Oh, how *good!*" she broke out. "But be frank now! I've offended you."

"How? I know I'm a jay, and in the country I've got folks."

"Ah, I see you're hurt at my joking, and I'm awfully sorry. I wish there was some way of making you forgive me. But it couldn't be that alone," she went on rather aimlessly as to her words, trusting to his answer for some leading, and willing meanwhile to prolong the situation for the effect in her nerves. It had been a very dull and tedious day, and she was finding much more than she could have expected in the mingled fear and slight which he inspired her with in such singular measure. These feminine subtleties of motive are beyond any but the finest natures in the other sex, and perhaps all that Jeff perceived was the note of insincerity in her words.

"Couldn't be what alone?" he asked.

"What I've said," she ventured, letting her eyes fall; but they were not eyes that fell effectively, and she instantly lifted them again to his.

"You haven't said anything, and if you've thought anything, what have I got to do with that? I think all sorts of things about people—or folks, as you call them—"

"Oh, thank you! Now you *are* forgiving me!"

"I think them about you—"

"Oh, *do* sit down and tell me the kind of things you think about me!" Bessie implored, sinking back into her chair.

"You mightn't like them."

"But if they would do me good?"

"What should I want to do you good for?"

"That's true," sighed Bessie thoughtfully.

"People—folks—"

"Thank you *so* much!"

"Don't try to do each other good, unless they're cranks like Lancaster, or bores like Mrs. Bevidge—"

"You belong to the analytical school of Seniors! Go on!"

"That's all," said Jeff.

"And you don't think I've tried to do *you* good?"

He laughed. Her comedy was delicious to him. He had never found anybody so amusing; he almost respected her for it.

"If that is your opinion of me, Mr. Durgin," she said, very gravely, "I am sorry. May I remark that I don't see why you come, then?"

"I can tell you," said Jeff, and he advanced upon her where she sat so abruptly that she started and shrank back in her chair. "I come because you've got brains, and you're the only girl that has—here." They were Alan's words, almost his words, and for an instant she thought of her brother, and wondered what he would think of this jay's praising her in his terms. "Because," Jeff went on, "you've got more sense—and nonsense—than all the women here, put together. Because it's better than a play to hear you talk—and act; and because you're graceful—and—fascinating, and *chic*, and— Good-night, Miss Lynde."

He put out his hand, but she did not take it as she rose haughtily. "We've said good-night once. I prefer to say good-by this time. I'm sure you will understand why after this I cannot see you again." She seemed to examine him for the effect of these words upon him before she went on.

"No, I don't understand," he answered, coolly; "but it isn't necessary I should; and I'm quite willing to say good-by, if you prefer. You haven't been so frank with me as I have with you; but that doesn't make any difference; perhaps you never meant to be, or couldn't be, if you meant. Good-by." He bowed and turned toward the door.

She fluttered between him and it. "I wish to know what you accuse me of!"

"I? Nothing."

"You imply that I've been unjust to you."

"*Oh*, no!"

"And I can't let you go till you prove it."

"Prove to a woman that— Will you let me pass?"

"No!" She spread her slender arms across the doorway.

"Oh, very well!" Jeff took her hands, and put them both in the hold of one of his large strong hands. Then, with the contact, it came to him from a varied experience of girls in his rustic past, that this young lady, who was nothing but a girl after all, was playing her comedy with a certain purpose, however little she might know it or own it. He put his other large strong hand upon her waist, and pulled her to him and kissed her. Another sort of man, no matter what he had believed of her, would have felt his act a sacrilege then and there. Jeff only knew that she had not made the faintest struggle against him; she had even trembled toward him, and he brutally exulted in the belief that he had done what she wished, whether it was what she meant or not.

She for her part realized that she had been kissed as once she had happened to see one of the maids kissed by the grocer's boy at the basement door. In an instant this man had abolished all her defences of family, of society, of personality, and put himself on a level with her in the most sacred things of life. Her mind grasped the fact and she realized it intellectually, while as yet all her emotions seemed paralyzed. She did not know whether she resented it as an abominable outrage or not; whether she hated the man for it or not. But perhaps he was in love with her, and his love overpowered him; in that case she could forgive him, if she were in love with him. She asked herself whether she was, and whether she had betrayed herself to him so that he was somehow warranted in what he did. She wondered if another sort of man would have done it, a gentleman, who believed she was in love with him. She wondered if she were as much shocked as she was astonished. She knew that there was everything in the situation to make the fact shocking, but she got no distinct reply from her jarred consciousness.

It ought to be known, and known at once; she ought to tell her brother, as soon as she saw him; she thought of telling her aunt, and she fancied having to shout the affair into her ear, and having to repeat, "He kissed me! Don't you understand? *Kissed* me!" Then she reflected with a start that she could never tell any one, that in the midst of her world she was alone in relation to this; she was as helpless and friendless as the poorest and lowliest girl could be. She was more so, for if she were like the maid whom the grocer's boy kissed, she would be of an order of things in which she could advise with some one else who had been kissed; and she would know what to feel.

She asked herself whether she was at all moved at heart; till now it seemed to her that it had not been different with her towards him from what it had been towards all the other men whose meaning she would have liked to find out. She had not in the least respected them, and she did not respect him; but if it had happened because he was overcome by his love for her, and could not help it, then perhaps she must forgive him whether she cared for him or not.

These ideas presented themselves with the simultaneity of things in a dream in that instant when she lingered helpless in his hold, and she even wondered if by any chance Andrew had seen them; but she heard his step on the floor below; and at the same time it appeared to her that she must be in love with this man, if she did not resent what he had done.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE "POPO"-DEMOCRATIC JANUS.

(IN NEW YORK AND CONNECTICUT.)

IN JUNE.—Opposed to free coinage, and for an honest dollar.
IN SEPTEMBER.—In favor of free coinage and the Chicago platform.

WHAT spectacle is this we see that staggers on unled?
'Tis a party, donkey-labelled, with its ears tied round its head,
Which stutters contradictions, and was made a "holy show"
By fakirs at New Haven, and by freaks at Buffalo.

Twelve weeks are but a little space when everything is told,
And just that little time ago its dollar-mark was gold;
But now, among the Gadarenes, it plunges in the sea,
And mumbles musty rubbish of "the crime of '73."

Its creed is but a crazy-quilt of Populist dissent;
It's so-called moguls might have come from Falstaff's regiment;
For all its foremost leaders that of late we used to know
Are either dead or missing (thank Heaven that this is so!).

Now why should any voter who heard the truth in June
Give heed unto the falsehoods which make its present tune?
If 'twas wrong to cheat in Summer, or debase good coin at all,
What makes it any better to attempt it in the Fall?

Are principles but footballs, the prey of scurvy tricks,
And "Regular," when rascally, the cue in politics?
Are flesh-pots and their drippings the only end and aim
That one who cares for country should hold up for all acclaim?

If Marcy, Seymour, Tilden, and glorious Silas Wright
Could gaze upon these "claimants" in their vile and shameless plight,
What looks of loathing horror from their high seats would ascend
To see their ancient party name such rottenness defend!

But the third day of November is now within our sight,
When the lightning of the ballots this heresy will smite;
Then gloom will strike their cohorts, and all the world will know
New Haven's leap to ruin and the fraud of Buffalo.

JOEL BENTON.

AFIELD WITH FACT.

WAYLAID BY A MOOSE.

The State of Minnesota finds itself face to face in the courts with Mr. Alexander Phair, of Willow River. Mr. Phair is suing the State for heavy damages, and, in the words of Mr. Hugh Bailey, of Grand Rapids, Mr. Phair's attorney, the State has "got to hustle herself" if she hopes to win.

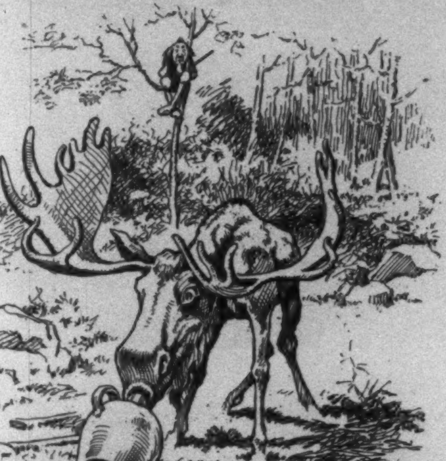
Mr. Phair, so it appears from a despatch in a Chicago paper, is a farmer living a few miles from Willow River. The country is new, and there are still a good many wild animals roaming through the woods, notably deer, moose, and bear, to mention some of the larger varieties, with an occasional stump-pulling-machine agent from Duluth, and, on rare occasions, a book agent. Mr. Phair is a bit of a hunter, but this does not prevent his being a law-abiding citizen, and he never knowingly violates a game law.

It happened one day recently that Mr. Phair went to Willow River to purchase supplies. The roads being poor, he went on foot. His path lay through the woods, so he took along his gun, a fine repeating-rifle, on the chance of getting a shot at some game—the idea that he may have had hopes of picking off a stump-puller agent is not worthy of serious attention.

At the village Mr. Phair purchased a variety of articles of domestic economy, including a pound of best Flower of Connecticut smoking-tobacco, one box of superior axle-grease, two hickory axe-handles, a patent ox-bow key, a dollar's worth of coffee, a six-bladed jack-knife with a corkscrew on the back, and a gallon jug of New Orleans molasses. These things he placed in a grain-sack, and after discussing the silver question for half an hour with the storekeeper, he slung the sack over one shoulder, took his gun on the other, and started for home.

Mr. Phair had gone some three or four miles, and was crossing a little open place in the timber, when he heard a rustling in the bushes to his right. He looked in that direction, expecting of course to see a stump-extractor agent emerge and try to sell him a machine which would pull the attraction of gravitation up by the roots; but in this he was happily disappointed. Instead there met his gaze a large moose. Mr. Phair dropped his sack of provisions, and instinctively brought his rifle into firing position. But with his thumb on the hammer it flashed into his mind that it was the close season for moose. He dropped the butt of his gun on the ground.

For a moment man and moose stood surveying each other. Then what was the astonishment of the former to see the animal move boldly toward him! Apparently the moose understood the game laws of Minnesota as well as Mr. Phair, and was going to take advantage of them. The animal came nearer, and for a brief moment Mr. Phair entertained a wild notion of taking it by one antler and leading it home. Then suddenly the moose lowered its head and assumed a threatening attitude; the next second it was charging straight toward the man. Mr. Phair raised his gun, and again brought it down. The law was rigid and mandatory; if he killed a moose, he went to State-prison. He leaped to one side; the antlers of the enraged animal grazed his arm. Instantly it wheeled and came for him again. Mr. Phair drew back the hammer of his gun; then he let it gently down. The law must be obeyed; it did not recognize self-defence as an extenuating circumstance in moose-killing. The animal struck him and bowled him over like a tenpin. He scrambled to his feet, and the moose caught him on its antlers and tossed him up like a tennis-ball. He struck the ground heavily, but managed to gain his feet and start for a tree some distance away. Four times before he reached there the maddened animal threw him down. Each time it attempted to tramp on him. But at last he reached the tree and dragged himself up, still clinging to his gun, though not again tempted to use it. The moose, uttering baffled cries, butted the bark off the tree in its savage rage, and looked up at him with fire flashing from its eyes. Mr. Phair clung to a limb of the tree and wiped the dirt and blood from his gun.



"IT TIPPED THE RECEPTACLE ON ITS SIDE AND CALMLY DRANK THE CONTENTS."

When the animal at last became convinced that it could not get at its victim, it turned to leave the scene. As it did so it caught sight of the sack of provisions. Instantly it lowered its head and charged the bag. The contents flew in all directions. Its anger seemed appeased, and it began to examine the things with evident curiosity. It sniffed at the tobacco and axle-grease in disgust, and after nosing the axe-handles and pocket-knife about, it turned its attention to the jug of molasses. In nibbling at the cork it happened to pull it out, and got a taste of the contents. The flavor seemed agreeable, and closing its lips around the neck of the jug, it tipped the receptacle on its side and calmly drank the contents, leaving less than half a teacupful. It then looked about for a few minutes, took two or three kernels of the coffee, and started off, following a zigzag course, and having evident trouble with its legs, as if they were injured, or as if it had too many of them—a phenomenon which Mr. Phair readily accounts for on the theory of exhaustion after its terrible onslaught upon himself. In half an hour Mr. Phair slipped down, gathered up the wreck of his groceries, and walked home. The next day he went to Grand Rapids, retained the Hon. Hugh Bailey, and instructed him to bring suit against the State for $50,000 damages.

The trial will come on at the next term of court, and both Mr. Bailey and the Attorney-General are busy preparing their respective sides. The contention of Mr. Bailey will be, of course, that the moose was a ward of the State, against the murderous attacks of which his client was prohibited by the State's laws from making defence, and that therefore the State is responsible for the animal's acts. The State, so it is understood, realizing the weakness of its case, will set up the absurd defence that Mr. Phair was not attacked by a moose at all, but by a yearling bull calf, his mistake being traceable to the contents of the jug, which it will try to show was of a more potent nature than New Orleans molasses. This position seems flimsy, and unworthy a commonwealth of such importance as Minnesota. Right-minded people will hope to see Mr. Phair get damages in a round sum. If a State will harbor, abet, and maintain dangerous animals, it is time it learned that it must pay for injuries they inflict on law-abiding and inoffensive citizens. H. C.

HER HEART.

Her heart is like a neatly printed book,
With clear smooth pages, and so strongly bound
'Tis difficult to open, when one would look
Within for what, alas! is never found—
Sparkling conceit, or fancy, song, or rhyme,
Much less ennobling thought or dream sublime.

No loosened leaves, no trace of students' touch,
Nor, on the fly-leaf, sweet inscription writ:
"This, to my friend or lover, such and such."
No tear-blot mars, no marge-note brightens it—
Ah, yes—her heart is like a book, indeed—
One of those books that no one cares to read!

Madeline S. Bridges.

THE CRUISE OF THE "WASP."

In a very amusing cartoon, printed in the latter part of the year 1814 in an American paper, our cousin Johnnie Bull was represented flourishing a cutlass about his head and vainly endeavoring to defend himself from the attack of a nondescript-looking animal that had succeeded in running him through the body with its sting.

As was the custom in drawing cartoons at that time, the legend issued from the lips in a cloud, and Johnnie Bull appeared to be smoking out the words, "I've often heard of Wasps and Hornets, but little thought such diminutive Insects could give me Such a Sting!!!"

The insect was supposed to be the United States sloop of war *Wasp*, of eighteen guns, then on a remarkable cruise in European waters. Under the command of Captain Johnston Blakeley her career had been smiled upon by good fortune.

In a cruise of under four months she had captured thirteen British merchantmen and had engaged and caused to surrender two of the finest brigs in the service of Great Britain. The value of her prizes was reckoned at not less than two hundred thousand pounds sterling.

On the 1st of May, 1814, the little sloop had set sail from Portsmouth, New Hampshire. She was manned by a crew of one hundred and seventy-three men, the majority of them being green hands, and many of them mere boys, as her crew averaged but twenty-three years in age.

Meeting with some severe weather when only a few days out, it is on record that one-third of her crew were seasick for a week. This fact, however, did not prevent them from becoming great fighters afterwards.

On the 28th of June, in latitude 48° 36", longitude 11° 15", she fell in with the *Reindeer*, sloop of war in his Majesty's service, mounting nineteen guns—sixteen 24-pound carronades, two long 9-pounders, and a shifting 12-pounder. She had on board a complement of one hundred and eighteen men.

In an action that lasted but nineteen minutes from the first broadside the *Reindeer* was destroyed, her ports having been blown into one gaping streak of splintered wood. Not a boat was left, and her foremast fell the day after the action.

As it was found impossible to take her into port, the prisoners were removed from the *Reindeer* and she was set on fire. That she had been gallantly defended is evident from the reports of the action. William Manners, her commander, a brave, fearless man, was killed, and twenty-three officers and seamen with him. The first lieutenant and the master were severely wounded, and forty seamen were on the list also.

The *Wasp* lost five killed and twenty-one wounded. She was but slightly hurt, and within a few hours of the action could have commenced another.

Wishing to get rid of his prisoners as soon as possible, Captain Blakeley overhauled a Portuguese brig, placed them on board of her, and sent them to England. No doubt the *Wasp* was one of the finest sailing-craft of her day. Her lines are spoken of as being remarkably fine, and one of her officers writes, in a private letter, as follows:

"The *Wasp* is a beautiful ship, and the finest sea-boat, I believe, in the world. Our officers and crew are young and ambitious. They fight with more cheerfulness than they do any other duty. Captain Blakeley is a brave and discreet officer, as cool and collected in action as at table."

In those old days of sailing, given the weather-gage and the breeze that suited her best qualities, a handy vessel could boldly sail into view of a powerful fleet of the enemy, and she could actually present the tableau of an agile wolf following at the heels of a very angry herd of bulls, any one of which could toss her into the air or grind her underfoot. So spry a sailor was the *Wasp* that she could slip away from even a towering seventy-four, given her best weather.

After a protracted and tedious stay in L'Orient, the little sloop made her way to sea on the 27th of August. On the 30th she captured the British brig *Lettice*, and on the next day the British brig *Bon Accord*.

The morning of the 1st of September dawned bright and clear. There was just the breeze that enabled the *Wasp* to show her finest form. Very early the lookout discovered a fleet of ten sail to windward, away in advance. Plunging up and down lazily, and scarcely moving in the light breeze, was a huge line-of-battle ship, and close to her was a bomb-vessel.

The Yankee captain audaciously came down before the wind. In full sight of H.M.S. *Armada*, the seventy-four, and the other armed consort, Blakeley cut out the brig *Mary*. She was laden with brass and iron cannon and military stores, from Gibraltar to England. As she was a slow sailer, she was set on fire, after the prisoners had been removed.

Endeavor was made to take another of the convoy. The consternation and rage of the commander of the ship of line can well be imagined. There was not breeze enough for his great vessel to make headway by tacking, but the wind, changing a few points, enabled him to creep down toward the American, whereupon Blakeley swung about leisurely, and soon left the ponderous Englishman hull down.

When he had shaken off his pursuer he resumed his course, and at half past six in the evening sighted four vessels at almost the same moment; two were to starboard and two off the larboard bow, the latter being farthest to windward. He picked out the nearest, a brig, and set all sail to come within gunshot of her.

At seven the chase commenced making signals with flags, and soon after with lanterns and rockets. It was past nine o'clock and quite dark when the *Wasp* came up within hailing distance.

To quote from a British account of the affair, dated Cork, September 7: "The Englishman spoke first, and demanded to know who the silent on-comer was. The 'Yankee,' in reply," says the account, "called through his trumpet, 'Heave to, and I'll let you know who I am.' At the same time a gun was fired by the *Avon*, and the most sanguinary action commenced, which continued until eleven o'clock, when the American sheered off and said, 'This is the *Wasp*.'" Then the British account, for some reason, adds, "She appeared to be in a sinking state and glad to get away."

In Captain Blakeley's letter to the Secretary of the Navy he mentions circumstances which may throw some light upon the actual happenings. After an hour's sharp interchange of broadsides, it was imagined that the *Avon* had struck, and orders were given to cease firing. Blakeley hailed, but received no answer, and suddenly the Britisher opened up with his guns again. It was twelve minutes past ten when Blakeley hailed the second time. The enemy had suffered greatly, but had made no return to his last two broadsides. He lowered away a cutter, and as it was leaving the side of the *Wasp* to man the prize, a second brig was discovered a little distance astern, and standing down before the freshening breeze. The crew were again sent to quarters, and everything was made ready for another action. A few minutes later the two other sails which had been off to windward were discovered also coming down toward the *Wasp*. The braces of the latter had been shot away, and it was necessary to keep off the wind until others might be rove. Blakeley did not endeavor to hasten. It was his intention to draw the second and foremost brig away from her companions, and engage her as soon as they had reached a good distance from the others. To his surprise, however, the brig, which, from the English account, we make out to be the *Castilian*, hauled her wind as soon as she came within range and fired one broadside, and retraced her course to join her consorts, who were gathered about the *Avon*.

To Blakeley's disappointment, he had to give up taking the prize, whose name and forces he did not know, as it had been impossible from the American decks to distinguish the answer to their first hail.

The *Wasp* was struck by four shot in the hull, each of which shot was thirty-two pounds in weight, being one and three-quarter pounds heavier than any the American carried.

For a long time the fate of the vessel which she had been fighting was not known, but she sank a few hours after the action. The loss on board the *Wasp* was two killed and one wounded. From the English account, the loss on board the *Avon* was nine killed and thirty-three wounded. As she was sinking, the *Tartarus*, a sloop of war, came up and took on board forty of her crew.

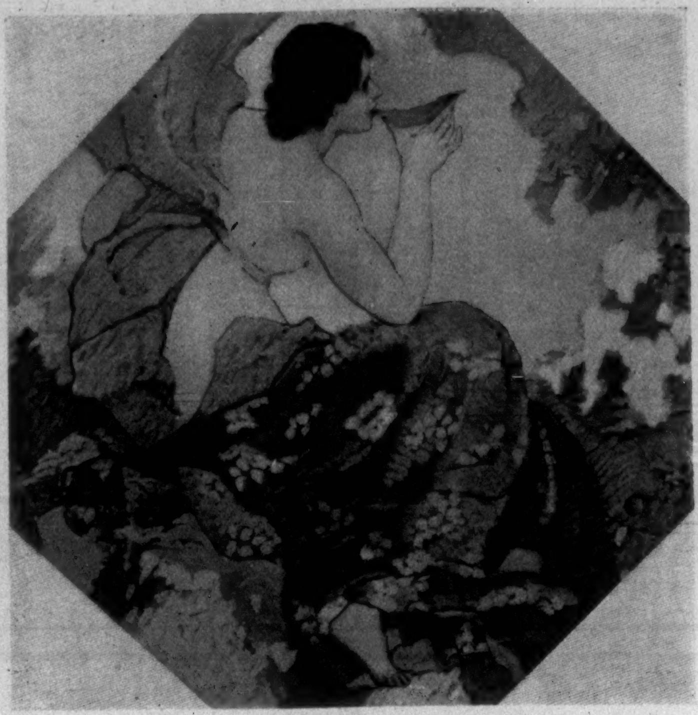
In the list of the vessels of the American navy in commission during the war of 1812 the name of the *Wasp* is starred, and looking at the bottom of the page, we see this short comment, with one or two others bearing the same mark—"Lost at sea." For this was the fate of the gallant little vessel which caused John Bull so much trouble in her short career. It was never known what became of her. Some authorities on the British side stated that she sank from the injuries received in her action with the *Avon*, but of course we have the report of Captain Blakeley, sent by a vessel spoken off the Western Isles.

In speaking of the disappearance a contemporary writes, "The most general impression is that she [the *Wasp*] was lost by one of those casualties incident to the great deep which have destroyed so many gallant vessels in a manner no one knows how."

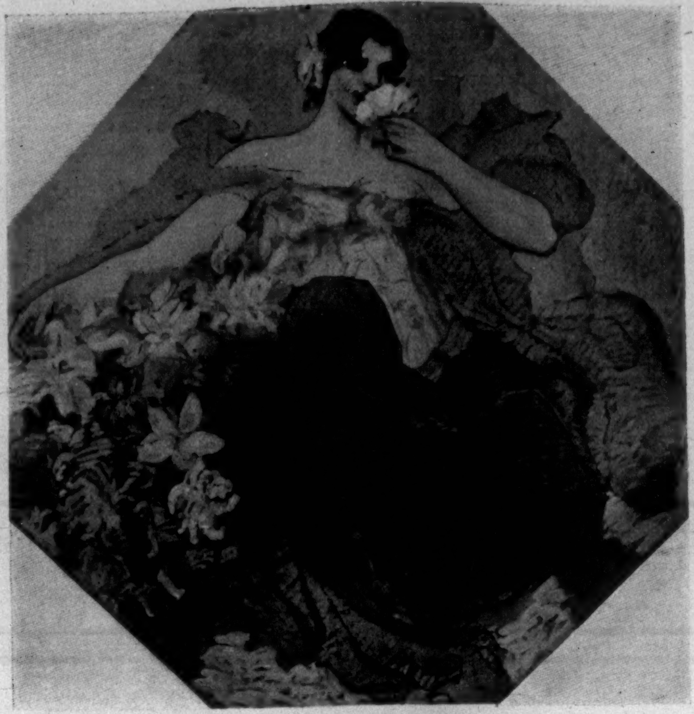
A strange circumstance, however, gives rise to a supposition. A British frigate put into Lisbon in a shattered condition. She reported having fallen in with a vessel, and having engaged her through the better part of the night. She had made out that her antagonist was much smaller than herself, and evidently an American. She had not surrendered, and had disappeared suddenly, "as if the sea had swallowed her." This may have been the *Wasp!*

The fact remains, however, that no trace of her or any of her crew was ever found after she spoke the vessel at the Western Isles. Another coincidence is worth mentioning: the first *Wasp*—captured with her prize, the British sloop *Frolic*, by an English ship of the line—was also lost at sea, after being refitted and commissioned in the English service.

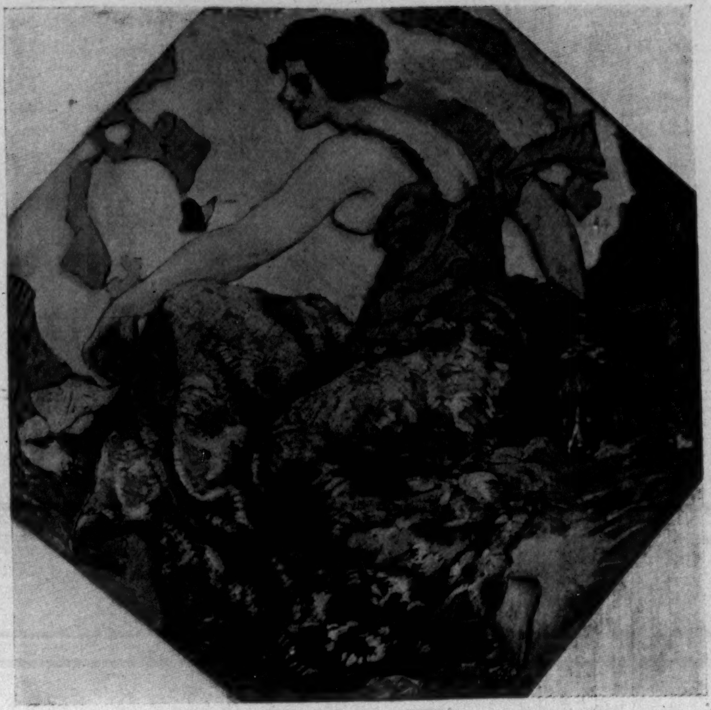
James Barnes.



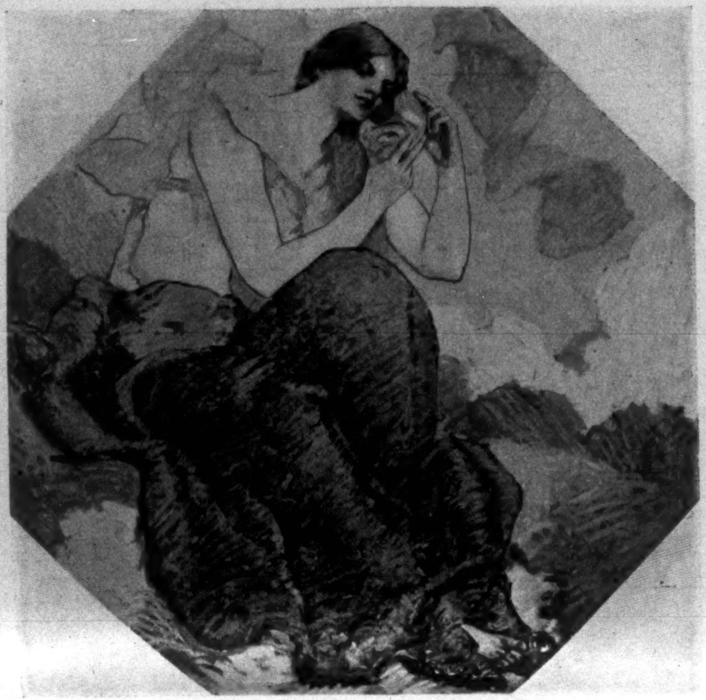
TASTE.

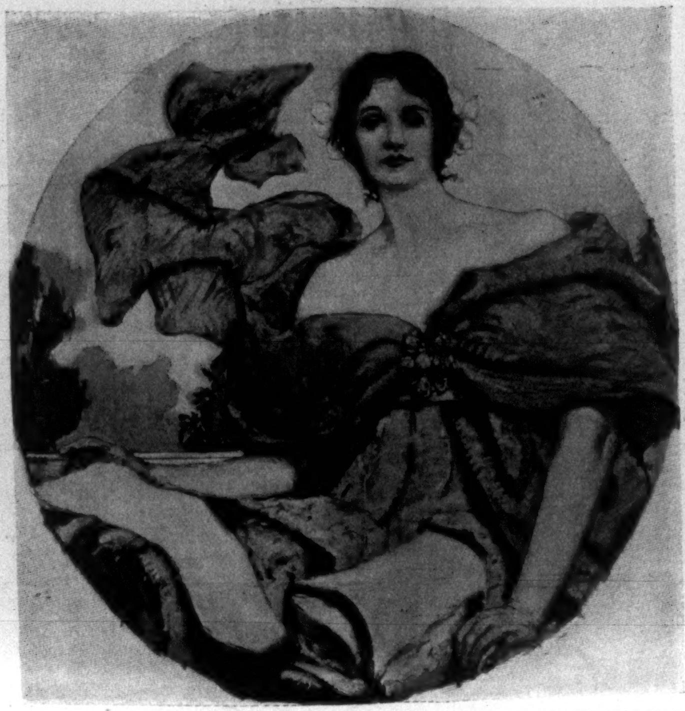


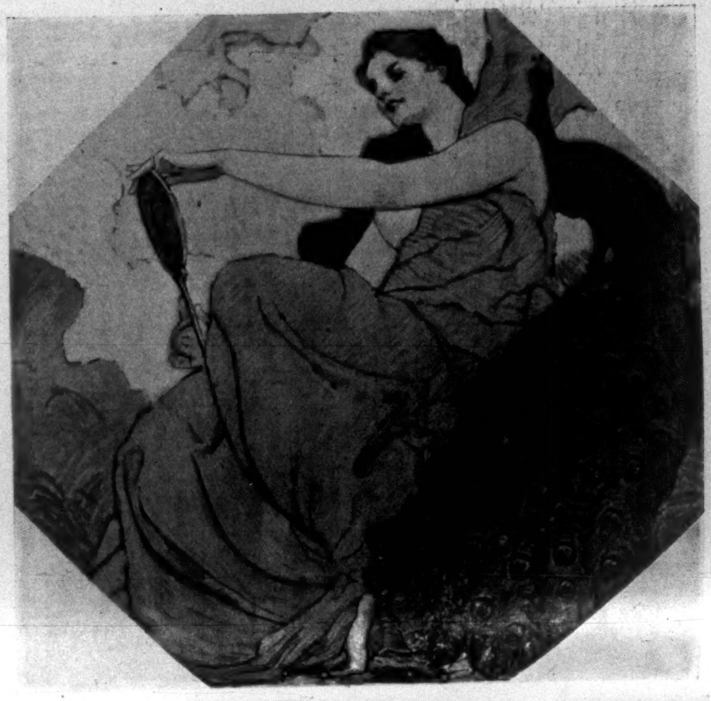
SMELL.



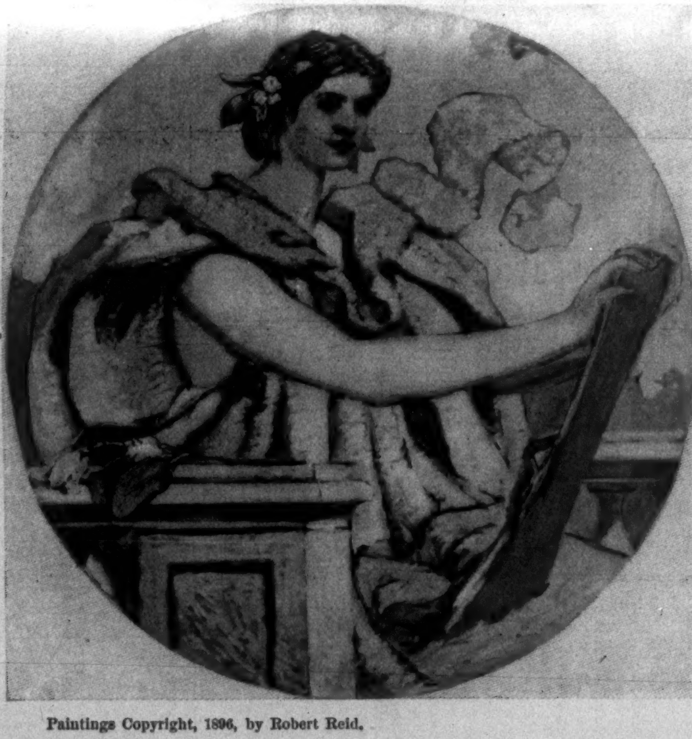
TOUCH.





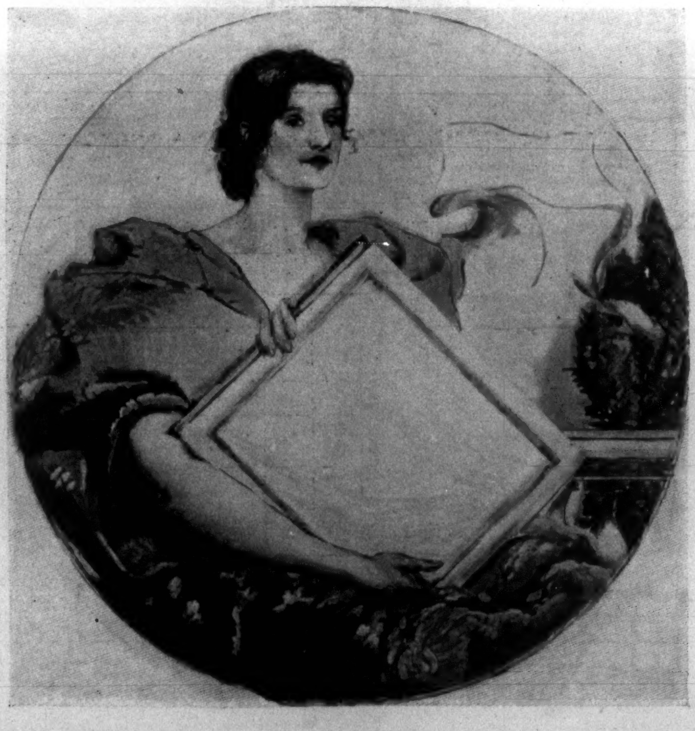


SIGHT.

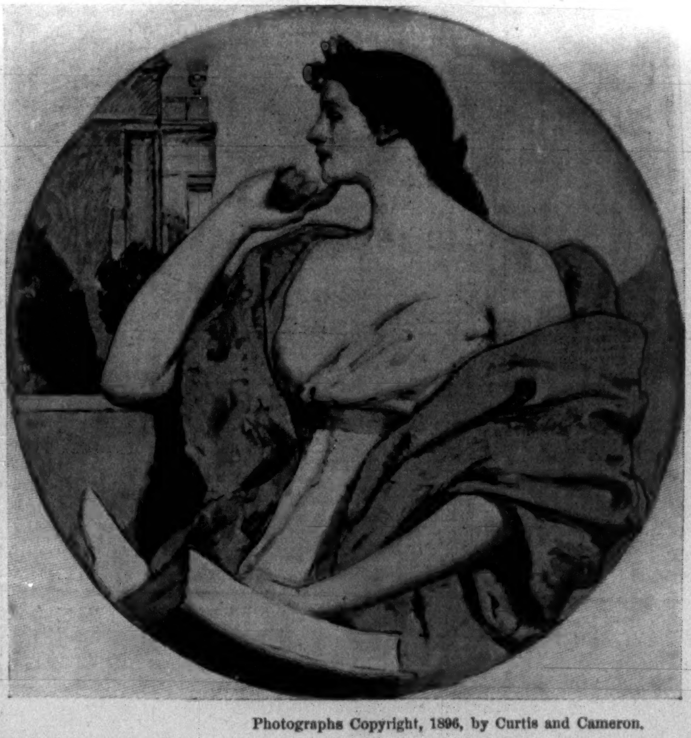


Paintings Copyright, 1896, by Robert Reid.

WISDOM.



KNOWLEDGE.



Photographs Copyright, 1896, by Curtis and Cameron.

PHILOSOPHY.

ROBERT REID'S DECORATIONS IN THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE nine panels painted by Robert Reid for the New Congressional Library at Washington are placed in one of four corridors in the second story of the building. The other three corridors, similar to the first in dimensions, but differently treated in architectural detail, contain painted decorative work by Walter Shirlaw, George R. Barse, and Frank W. Benson.

Mr. Reid's pictures, the five octagonal panels in the ceiling and the four circular ones on one of the side walls, are surrounded by a general decoration of decided intensity of color. It resembles the brilliant interior of the Siena Library in effect, but the unavoidable newness of the tints produces an effect considerably more acute than that in the Renaissance building, which was the carefully considered work of artists who were not pressed for time when they executed it, and which is now mellowed by age. It was necessary that Mr. Reid should adopt a positive and self-reliant color scheme for his work, as nothing without decided strength of its own would count in such an environment. The prevailing notes in his panels are blue, yellow, green, and red, and the treatment is frank and simple.

The subject of the octagonal pictures is "The Five Senses." Each panel contains a single female figure. Single figures likewise are the motives in the circular pictures. These are designated by the titles "Wisdom," "Understanding," "Knowledge," and "Philosophy." The first thing to be noted with reference to the subjects is that, beyond the choice of suitable types for the compositions, there is no attempt to convey more than the simplest of ideas in the interpretation, and that the artist's intention has evidently been to obtain effectiveness solely by freshness and beauty of type in the figures and vibrating quality of color according with their youth. The composition in each case has been well thought out, and the spaces are filled with but slight aid from accessories. Each of the nine figures is a young girl. All are bare-armed, and all are seated. The conceptions are exceedingly simple—"Sight," for instance, being represented by a figure in yellow holding a mirror, and "Hearing" by one in blue holding a conch shell to her ear. Lilac and green are the predominant notes in "Smell," scarlet and yellow in "Understanding," purple and green in "Knowledge." Each panel has its background of sky of blue and white; a bit of architecture appears in one, the classic shape of cypress-trees in another, a dog here, a peacock there, and all are treated in flat masses with the greatest possible brilliancy of tint.

It would be unfair to the artist to say that he has adapted his color scheme from the Japanese, for, beyond a vague suggestion of similarity to some phases of Japanese color harmonies, there is nothing on which to base such an assertion; but it is quite just to say that the pictures convey to the spectator the same sort of delight in color for its own sake that is obtained from the subtile yet audacious harmonies of the Eastern artists. The juxtaposition of greens and blues, the play of a yellow note upon a purple one, the happy mingling of one blue of delicate tint with another stronger blue, are characteristically Japanese, but are yet far from a conventional resemblance. The figures themselves are more American than anything else, and there is no more hint of the sloping, attenuated line of the Japanese on the one hand than there is of the severely classical on the other. A tip-tilted nose appears in one, a prettily rounded chin in another, a dainty little hand in a third—thoroughly modern features, in short, characterize all of the figures, and in face and form, in gown and in pose, they seem to fit admirably with the gay and exuberant color schemes in which they are depicted. Before everything else they are spots of color. The purely decorative idea eclipses all other considerations, and the result is just sufficiently striking to give them the right importance in their places. They dominate the general decoration of the corridor, and at the same time do not appear detached from their setting, as they might easily do if their comparative value had been less happily and justly estimated in their conception and treatment.

Each of the nine panels measures six feet six inches across, and those in the ceiling are seen at a height of thirty-five feet from the floor. They are broadly and simply painted, and the color is broken even in the masses which are meant to look the most uniform in tint. The effect is, therefore, vibrating and luminous, while sufficiently flat to fulfil the decorative conditions. An impression of vitality in the color is received on looking at the work, and distinctive notes preserve their importance as factors in the general effect.

It is not an easy matter to make a composition of a single figure under any circumstances, but when so many as nine are to be made, and when the artist restricts himself to one class of figures—in this case all young, all female, and all, as a consequence of the round shape of the spaces to be painted, seated—there is little chance for help in the solution of the problem from the variety that would be brought by a wider choice of subjects. While "Knowledge" holds a book, "Wisdom" a portfolio, and "Understanding" a scroll, while "Smell" holds a rose to her face, and "Touch" looks at a butterfly resting lightly on her arm, there is not much in these differences to give variety. But there *is* variety in the series of panels, and this the artist has obtained by purely pictorial as distinguished from literary means. The pose of each figure is different, of course, but the turn of a head, the line of an arm, or the swing of a piece of drapery appears as a distinguishing element that gives to each particular figure its identity and character. The work impresses most as an achievement in color, and line counts here more as a supporting factor than as the main thing, as it does in much of the best decoration, both ancient and modern. Herein Mr. Reid, while he has not neglected the importance of line in a large way, and has drawn his figures with directness and grace, differs from some of the other painters who have been commissioned to paint the new Library. If he were called upon to paint a figure of "Justice," for example, he could scarcely treat so sober a subject with so light a hand as he has used in portraying "Touch."

I do not find that he has brought to his work anything that is in itself entirely novel in treatment, but when we look at his brilliantly colored panels, and note how much he has had in mind the keen pleasure that is given by color effect alone, I may say that his conceptions are far from conventional. It is plain to see that his intention has been to put all his eggs in one basket and to stand or fall by the result, but not to compromise. It is gratifying to record the fact that his meaning is so plain that he who runs may read, and that his artistic purpose, simply carried out as it was simply conceived, is entirely satisfactory. It is too little to say that these pictures are very good so far as they go, because at the outset the artist had no intention of going any farther. The difficulty of doing one thing well is sufficiently great in every form of art, but to refrain from trying to do too many things, to avoid complicating one's result by details that seem important, but are not essential if one's view is broad enough and one's conception is simple enough to suppress them, to achieve completeness, in short, by singleness of aim, is art itself. This is the merit of Mr. Reid's latest works, and this is the thought to be kept in mind when we wish to determine their artistic value.

WILLIAM A. COFFIN.

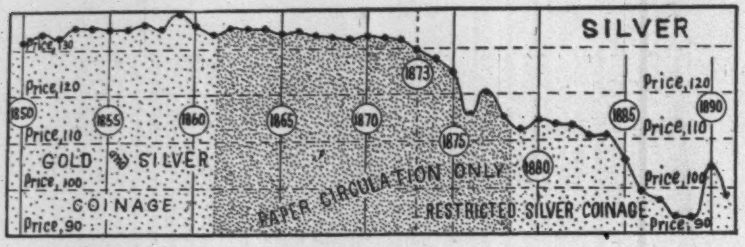


ILLUSTRATION No. 1.

PRICES AND SILVER.

II.—AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

It needs no newspaper report to inform the wheat-farmer that his product sells for a lower price than it did a few years ago, or the cotton-planter that his product does not bring as high a price as formerly.

If a convention of farmers and planters were to undertake to date the beginning of the decline in prices, there might be a diversity of opinion, but it is probable that, owing to the present agitation, there would be found a very large majority who would name 1873 as the turning-point.

If this could be proved, it might be an argument in favor of the silverites' claim that the limiting of silver coinage in 1873 produced a fall of values. If, on the other hand, an examination of the record of prices discovers the fact that the decline began earlier or later than that date, or if it appears that certain prices have not declined since long before that date, that would be good evidence that the 1873 legislation had nothing to do with prices, but that other reasons must be sought for the rise or fall.

The preceding paper (in last week's WEEKLY) presented the history of living expenses as reported by the Senate Committee of 1891. Readers of that paper will recall the fact that certain important groups, notably "Metals and Implements" and "House-furnishing Goods," showed a decided decline in price from before the civil war, while "Lumber and Building Material" showed a decided increase between 1850 and 1891; but none of those records showed that the increase or decrease began at 1873.

In view of the prominent part that the price of agricultural products plays in current political discussion, a similar examination of these prices is pertinent. This examination covers the same period, and is drawn from the same report.

Silver.—Illustration No. 1 portrays the price of silver per ounce from 1850 to 1891, so that the reader may readily see if there was any real relation between that price and the price of agricultural products. The plan of the drawings is the same as those in the first paper. The dark shading covers the seventeen years (1862–78 inclusive) during which specie payment was suspended. The light shading covers the preceding and following years. Each dot on the line running at the top of the shading represents the average price for a single year. Each fifth year is marked by a perpendicular line bearing its date in a circle or at the top of the line.

The prices of agricultural products delineated in these illustrations are taken from pp. 106, 107, Vol. I., of the Report of the Committee (Senate Report No. 1394, Fifty-second Congress, Second Session). As the prices there given are in currency, they are converted to gold for use in this connection to accord with the gold prices of the preceding paper. The ratios used for this conversion are those used by the committee in its gold reports, as given in the foot-note on page 99 of the same volume.

Cereals.—The report of the Senate Committee is very full on this group of farm products. It separately includes wheat, corn, oats, barley, and rye, and the allied products clover seed, timothy seed, and flaxseed. The changes in price of each of these products is well represented by that of wheat, which is graphically shown in the upper diagram of illustration No. 2. The first thing to strike the reader's attention is the remarkable fluctuations throughout almost the entire period.

These great changes make it difficult to decide whether there has been any general trend of price either up or down. Examining the record before and since the paper-circulation period, it is not difficult to see that, beginning with the very high price of 1855, there was an astonishing drop, including two minor rallies, covering a period of ten years. Nor is it difficult to see that, beginning with 1882, there was a great reduction, covering the following six years. Aside from these two prominent features, it is not easy to discover any decided trend of price. The great uplift of the two years 1867 and 1868, after the close of the war, is followed by such a succession of almost equal fluctuations as to indicate no readily discovered tendency either up or down.

It will be helpful, therefore, in this case to reduce the annual prices to five-year averages, thereby eliminating the extreme fluctuations. The eight large dots connected by a heavy broken line portray these five-year averages. It now becomes clear that the period shows a real downward trend of price. It is clear, also, that this downward trend must be dated as beginning either in the five-year period just preceding the civil war or in that immediately following it. By no means can it be dated as beginning at 1873.

It is natural to attribute the drop of the average line at the 1860–5 dot to the civil war, and the higher position of the 1880–5 dot to the "boom" following the resumption of specie payment. Admitting those causes, and conceiving that our history had not embraced those experiences, the downward trend would have been remarkably uniform for the whole thirty-five years.

Wholly omitting these suggestions, however, the record of the five-year averages leads emphatically to the conclusion that, beginning at a point at least several years previous to 1873, some influence, or set of influences, has been persistently acting to reduce the money value of the great cereal products of this country. It is not the object of this study to discover causes. It is made with the sole view of discovering whether the reduction in price began at 1873, and it emphatically proves that it did not.

Cotton.—The preceding discovery, while of much importance to the great grain-farmers of the North and the West, is of comparatively little interest to the cotton-planter of the South. Remembering the great values represented by his cotton-fields during the greater part of the paper-currency period, and the much smaller values since, he naturally seeks a cause for the lessened returns. Judging by the political sentiment of the South at the present period, the cotton-planter seems to have saddled his afflictions on the 1873 scapegoat.

The lower drawing of illustration No. 2 delineates the price of cotton from 1850 to 1891, except that it does not show fully the enormous "war prices" during the earlier part of the paper-circulation period. The general characteristics of change are similar to those of wheat, only the fluctuations, aside from the "war prices," are not so violent. It is easy to see that during the second five years (1855–60) the prices averaged higher than those for the preceding five years (1850–5), as in the case of wheat. It is equally easy to see that that average (1855–60) was much higher than that of any five years since the close of the "war prices." If therefore the inflation period be set aside as abnormal, it is clear that the reduction of price dates back to 1857.

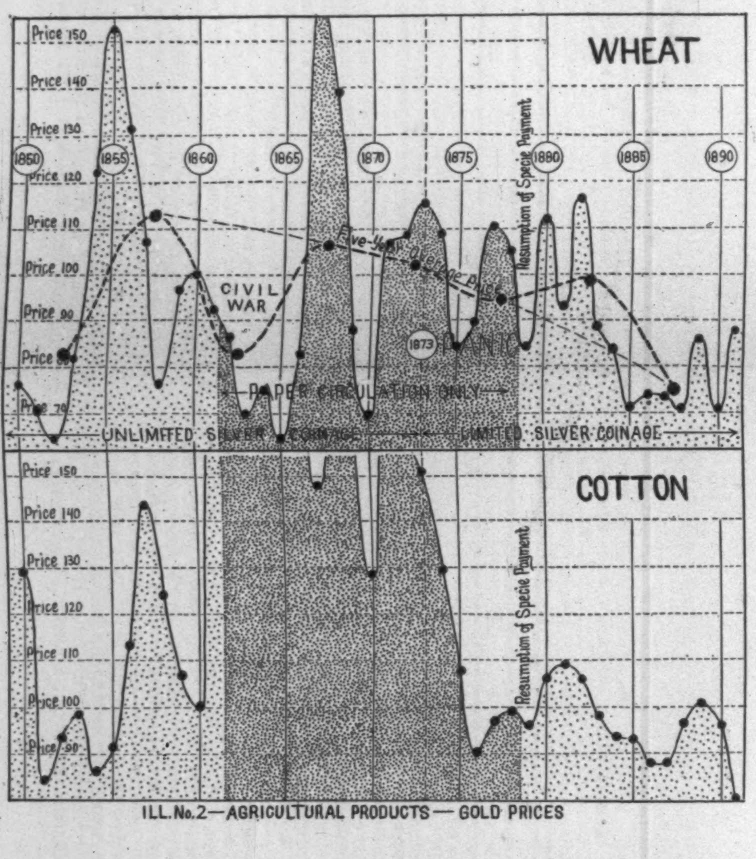
If, however, the planter insists upon including the inflation period, then the reduction began with the civil-war date, for the five-year average prices of the inflation period, beginning with 1860–5, are 413, 197, 147, coming down with a sharp pitch all the way. The highest annual price was that of 1863, viz., 782. Therefore, whether deciding by the annual price or by the five-year averages, the decline began at least ten years before 1873.

This study, therefore, like that of the price of wheat, leaves no ground for the claim that the beginning of the fall of values was 1873. That scapegoat is consequently relieved of one more burden.

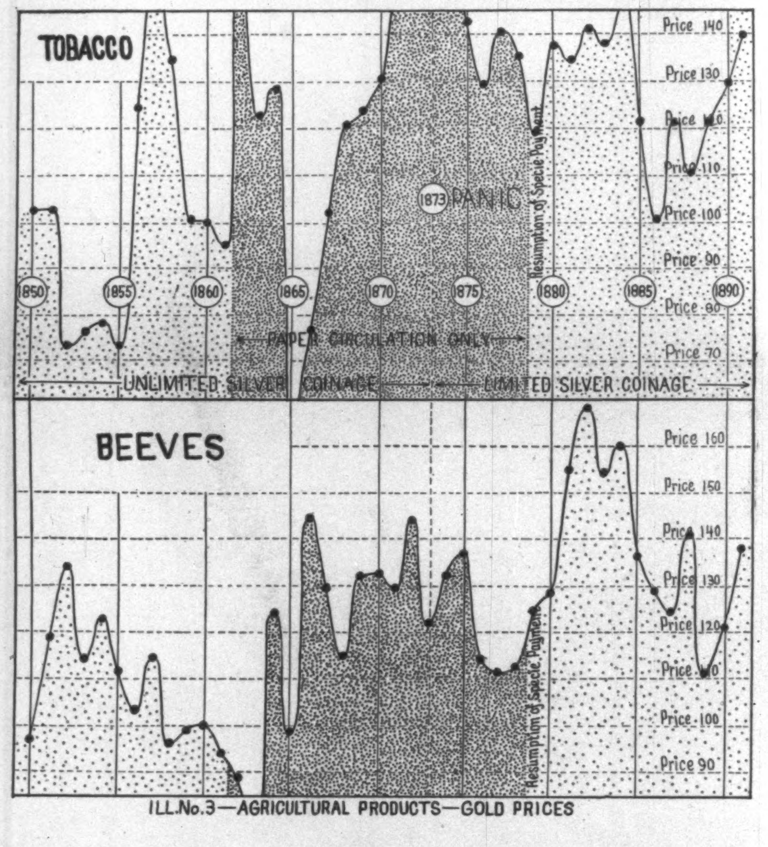
Tobacco.—Another product of interest to farmers and planters in certain sections of the country is tobacco. Although as a total crop not to be compared to either of the two already studied, yet to tobacco-raisers of greater importance than either, for it represents their chief income. One sweep of the eye across the upper diagram of illustration No. 3 is all that is necessary to decide the general trend of tobacco prices from 1850 to 1891. Tobacco-raisers afflicted with the 1873 disease will only need to look once at the prices before the paper-currency period to be sure that the increase (not decrease) of the forty years under review began "away back" in the fifties. There were remarkable fluctuations, but they do not change the fact of undeniable increase, and that of considerable proportion.

Live-stock.—The lower diagram of illustration No. 3 delineates the fluctuations of the price of beeves. This showing, like that of tobacco, carries only one story. Whether the prices be compared by the high points of the three distinct divisions or by the evident averages of those three divisions, the fact of an advance in price is undeniable. Whatever date may be selected as marking the beginning of the advance, it plainly is not 1873. The Senate report also gives, for the same period, the price of hogs and sheep. That of sheep is well represented by the price of beeves as to the general trend for the period. That of hogs shows scarcely any general trend either up or down; and both as decidedly fail to indicate 1873 as a pivotal point as does the record of the price of beeves.

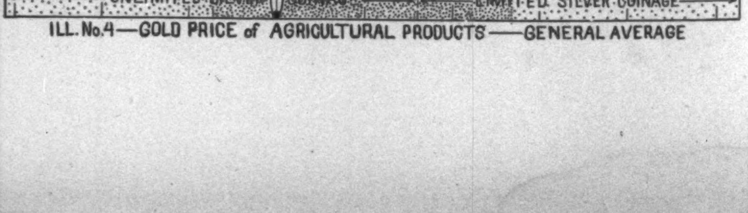
Wool.—The Senate Committee did not include wool in its tabulation of agricultural products. It is, however, given on page 38, Vol. I., of their report, under the title "Cloths and Clothing." The delineation of that group



ILL. No. 2—AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS—GOLD PRICES



ILL. No. 3—AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS—GOLD PRICES



ILL. No. 4—GOLD PRICE of AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS——GENERAL AVERAGE

("Cloths and Clothing") was given in the preceding paper, and showed a slight evidence of downward trend for the period, but furnished no proof that 1873 was the initial of decline. An examination of the record of wool prices shows that their history is very like that of "Cloths and Clothing," of which wool forms so large a proportion. It is therefore needless to delineate the record, for it furnishes the silverite no argument for his 1873 claim.

General Average.—Illustration No. 4 portrays the general average of the prices of agricultural products—cereals, seeds, live-stock, cotton, hemp, and tobacco. Remembering that we are studying these prices with a single aim in view, viz., to discover if the decrease (or increase) of prices began at 1873, we need not tarry over the summing up of the examination.

The man who can scan this average of agricultural prices from 1850 to 1891, and can select 1873 as the initial point of a decline, is so far gone with the 1873 disorder that there is no hope in his case. If he cannot see that whatever decline there has been began several years before 1873, he can see nothing. Whether the initial is to be placed at 1856, 1862, or at 1867, it matters not. It is an impossibility for any sane man to place it at 1873.

F. W. Hewes.

SIR JOSEPH LISTER.

It was over twenty-six years ago that Thomas Huxley, as President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, delivered a memorable address. This year the honor of presiding over the Association was conferred on Sir Joseph Lister, who is also President of the Royal Society. Nothing could have been more practical than was Sir Joseph Lister. He thoroughly explained what is known to-day as "Listerism," and in his modest manner, laying small claim to having originated it, he told how much he had been indebted to Pasteur. Following Pasteur, Lister appreciated what were the terrible effects of certain organisms which were destructive of nature. He worked so as to eradicate gangrene, pyæmia, erysipelas, from hospital wards, and he succeeded. At once in the surgical cases cared for by Lister at Glasgow the improvement of the patients was wonderful. The German is generally not quick to follow, but in the Munich hospital many patients who had undergone surgical operations died of gangrene. Nussbaum, to his credit, sent his assistant to Scotland to study the Lister method, and now the hospital patients, treated antiseptically, have as fair a chance of recovery in Munich as elsewhere. It is good to learn that in opposition to those who are mere formalists, and adhere to the antiquated classic methods, Sir Joseph thoroughly endorses the use of antitoxine for diphtheria.

THE SEMICENTENNIAL OF THE DISCOVERY OF ANÆSTHESIA.

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D.

"The knife is searching for disease,—the pulleys are dragging back dislocated limbs,—Nature herself is working out the primal curse which doomed the tenderest of her creatures to the sharpest of her trials; but the fierce extremity of suffering has been steeped in the waters of forgetfulness, and the deepest furrow in the knotted brow of agony has been smoothed forever."

Thus wrote Dr. Holmes when viewing near at hand the event whose semicentennial is being celebrated in Boston this week: an event which loomed in full proportions before the imaginative eye of the poet-physician, but which even the vista of half a century does not reveal in all its magnitude to the masses of mankind.

That great event, as all the world now knows, was the demonstration of the power of ether to annul pain during a surgical operation. The place of demonstration was the operating amphitheatre of the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston. The demonstrator was a young dentist named Dr. William Thomas Green Morton. The surgeon who permitted the test to be made, and himself performed the operation, was the famous Dr. John C. Warren. The exact date was October 16, 1846.

Then and there it was that the "fierce extremity of suffering was steeped in the waters of forgetfulness, and the deepest furrow in the knotted brow of agony smoothed forever." Then it was that anæsthesia, as Dr. Holmes himself named it, was given to the world. For as fast as wire and ship could carry it, the news of that momentous operation of October 16, 1846, was scattered to the remotest corners of Christendom; and soon the surgeons of every civilized country knew from their own experience that an object vainly longed for and sought after for centuries had at last been attained. For a few weeks the name of Dr. William T. G. Morton was heard on every hand as that of one of the world's greatest benefactors.

For a few weeks? Why that limitation? Because then history repeated itself, and there happened what has always happened when a great new blessing is given the world. No sooner had a succession of operations proved Morton's hazardous experiment successful than other claimants to the discovery came forward, and the strife of bitter animadversion dimmed the lustre of the brilliant achievement.

Readers whose memories carry them back to the middle of the century will recall the acrimonious controversy that raged between the partisans of these claimants, and which did not cease even when one of them, Dr. Charles T. Jackson, had died in an asylum, and another, Dr. Horace Wells, had brought his life to a tragic close in a New York jail. Fortunately for the historian, the matter was searchingly investigated by a Congressional committee while contemporary witnesses were at hand, and the report of that investigation leaves no possible doubt as to the merits of the respective claimants, in the mind of any unprejudiced searcher who cares to wade through its mazes. In view of the great importance of the subject, it cannot but be of interest to briefly record what that investigation revealed.

As to Dr. Wells, who lived in Hartford—and, like Morton, was a dentist—it was never in dispute that he made experiments with nitrous oxide gas (now known familiarly as "laughing gas"), and it is more than probable that some of these were partially successful. But he used the agent in no operation more severe than the extraction of a tooth. Even for this purpose he found the gas unreliable, and he appears to have abandoned his experiments in disgust after a futile effort in Boston, in 1845, in which Morton participated. Unquestionably he had the idea of producing insensibility to pain with drugs, and he it was, perhaps, who first gave this idea to Morton; but then the idea in itself possessed no novelty whatever. Every imaginative surgeon must have entertained it; and Wells borrowed it directly from Sir Humphry Davy, who made some very famous experiments with nitrous oxide gas just at the close of the last century, and wrote a widely circulated book about them. Davy noted that the inhalation of nitrous oxide alleviated pain, and suggested explicitly that perhaps this means might be employed in surgical operations. He was very close indeed to a greater discovery than any of the important ones that he afterward perfected; but circumstances called him to another field, and for half a century his idea lay dormant. Then Wells took it up, tried unavailingly to give it vitality, and passed it on to Morton.

Inspired by this idea, Morton searched for a better agent than the "laughing gas," and at last found it in the familiar drug sulphuric ether. He tested it, failed, but tried again; overcame the obstacles, and at last reached the goal. That persistency born of faith in ultimate success gives the stamp of genius to the labors of Morton. He succeeded where Wells had failed, and the commendable but futile efforts of the Hartford dentist give him no title to more than a subordinate share in the honors of the great achievement.

Jackson's share in the discovery was purely advisory. He was a physician of repute, but best known as a geologist and chemist. He suggested the use of ether to Morton, who was at that time his student, as a means of deadening pain in a tooth by local application. This use of ether led Morton to think of substituting that agent for nitrous oxide in the inhalation experiments. Indirectly, therefore, the advice of Jackson led to the famous discovery; his advice also aided Morton in some details as to the use of chemically pure ether and the best means of application. But to base a claim to discovery on such suggestions would of course be absurd; and Jackson appears to have had no thought of making any such claim at first. Indeed, he explicitly stated, after Morton's first success, that at the time of his suggestions he had no notion of the real power of ether; but later on, jealous of Morton's fame, he proclaimed that he had been fully aware of this power since 1842, when he had inhaled some ether himself. He never claimed to have made any other experiment than this far from novel one (for ether had been a well-recognized medicinal agent for generations); and his entire contention in the matter would have been treated with the contempt it deserved had it not been that Morton made a most regrettable mistake by which he played squarely into the hands of his rival.

This mistake of Morton's grew out of the desire to keep the real nature of his discovery a secret, and to make it a source of pecuniary gain. In his anxiety to accomplish this he was led to patent the process, giving the name "letheon" to the alleged compound, which really, as Jackson knew, was only the familiar drug ether, disguised as to odor by some inert aromatics. That was the fatal error of Morton's life, and dearly he paid for it. The code of ethics of the medical profession forbids the patenting of any device or process supposed to be useful to humanity. Morton was not a physician (though a student of medicine), and hence was not professionally bound by this custom; but it would have been well for his fame and fortune had he chosen to honor it. By failing to do so he not only forfeited in the beginning the sympathetic aid of the medical profession in the then unforeseen controversies, but, in addition, gave direct aid to the cause of his rival. For in his eagerness to secure the silence of Jackson as to the nature of "letheon" he was led to recognize Jackson's right to a share in the profits, and to recognize it in his application for the patent. Later on, when Jackson, dissatisfied with his share of the bargain, began posing as the sole discoverer, that recognition gave the only element of plausibility to his claim.

Despite the secrecy, all the world soon knew that "letheon," the "anodyne compound," was only ether; despite the patent, all the world used it as an anæsthetic without asking Morton's consent. The government, through its representatives of the army and navy, ignored its own patent, and no one else showed it greater respect. An effort was indeed made to secure a grant of $100,000 to Morton from the government, but the antagonism of Jackson, backed up by those patent papers in which Jackson's name appeared, foiled the effort. In England a testimonial of $50,000 was as good as promised as an offering of gratitude to Morton, but this was withdrawn when the controversy with Jackson raised doubts as to the true discoverer. And again it was that patent paper that justified the doubts.

Fortified by that luckless concession, the claim of Jackson fastened leechlike on the great discovery, and was never shaken off while Morton lived—nor altogether to this day. The French Academy of Science, anxious to reward the discoverer of anæsthesia, and unable to decide between the claimants, compromised by dividing its prize equally between Morton and Jackson. Our English cousins have gone a step further. They incline to overlook both Morton and Jackson, and to give the credit of discovering anæsthesia to a countryman of their own, who, in 1847, after surgical operations under ether had been performed hundreds if not thousands of times in Great Britain, found in chloroform another agent which had similar power. Sir John Lubbock, in a presidential address on the "Progress of Science" before the British Association for the Advancement of Science a few years ago, speaking of anæsthesia as one of the great discoveries of the age, mentions no name but those of Davy and Simpson. Englishmen have seldom been accused of undue modesty in claiming honors, but surely they could not thus overlook the unequivocal claim of America to the parentage of anæsthesia had not Americans themselves been so muddled as to the merits of the rival claimants to the discovery. And this muddling, let me repeat once again, grew very largely out of Morton's application for letters patent.

It seems an ungracious thing, and it surely is an unpleasant duty, to recall at this time the mistake of a man whom all the world justly honors for the great boon that came to mankind through his efforts. But the mistake is an indelible part of an otherwise peerless achievement; it cannot be slurred over without distorting history. Morton lived and died with a heart full of bitterness against what he regarded as the ingratitude of humanity; it is but simple justice to record that Morton himself, not humanity, was at fault. He chose to put his great discovery on a commercial basis. As a commercial enterprise it failed; but the step was irretraceable. You cannot have your cake and eat it. This priceless boon to humanity has been compared, with full justice, to that conferred upon the world by Jenner. Had Morton, like Jenner, given his boon to humanity "without money and without price," he would have had as little cause as Jenner to complain of humanity's response.

But enough of this. Morton expiated his mistake; the great merit of his achievement remains. Time has at last cleared away the clouds of controversy; and to-day the people of Boston, in celebrating the claims not of Wells or Jackson, but of Morton, announce to all the world the name of the man to whom chief credit is due for giving his fellow-man the beneficent agency of anæsthesia. It would be hard to overestimate the reduction in the sum total of human agony which that agency has brought about.

Nor in thus honoring Morton will it be forgotten that the great surgeon Dr. John C. Warren had a most important share in the introduction of the new agency. Not every surgeon would have given opportunity to a dentist and mere student of medicine to attempt an experiment at his clinic; indeed, none but a true man of science, eager to know the truth, would have done so. And the authoritative announcement of the value of the agent by a surgeon of such repute brought anæsthesia to the attention of the medical profession months earlier than it would otherwise have been accepted. Morton and Warren, then, are the two men whom Boston chiefly honors this week. But even in a fragmentary history of the discovery of anæsthesia there is one other name that could not justly be overlooked. Quite independently of the New-Englanders, another man was working at the problem of annulling pain at the same time. This was Dr. Crawford W. Long, a practising physician of the little town of Jefferson, Georgia. He, too, was experimenting with ether; and as early as 1842 he performed an operation that was at least partially successful under its influence. Unlike Wells, he had not abandoned the attempt. He repeated his experiments, even demonstrated them to some fellow-surgeons, and was almost surely in the line of success. But either his operations were not quite demonstrative, or he was restrained by an excess of scientific caution, for he had not yet published his discovery when Morton forestalled him.

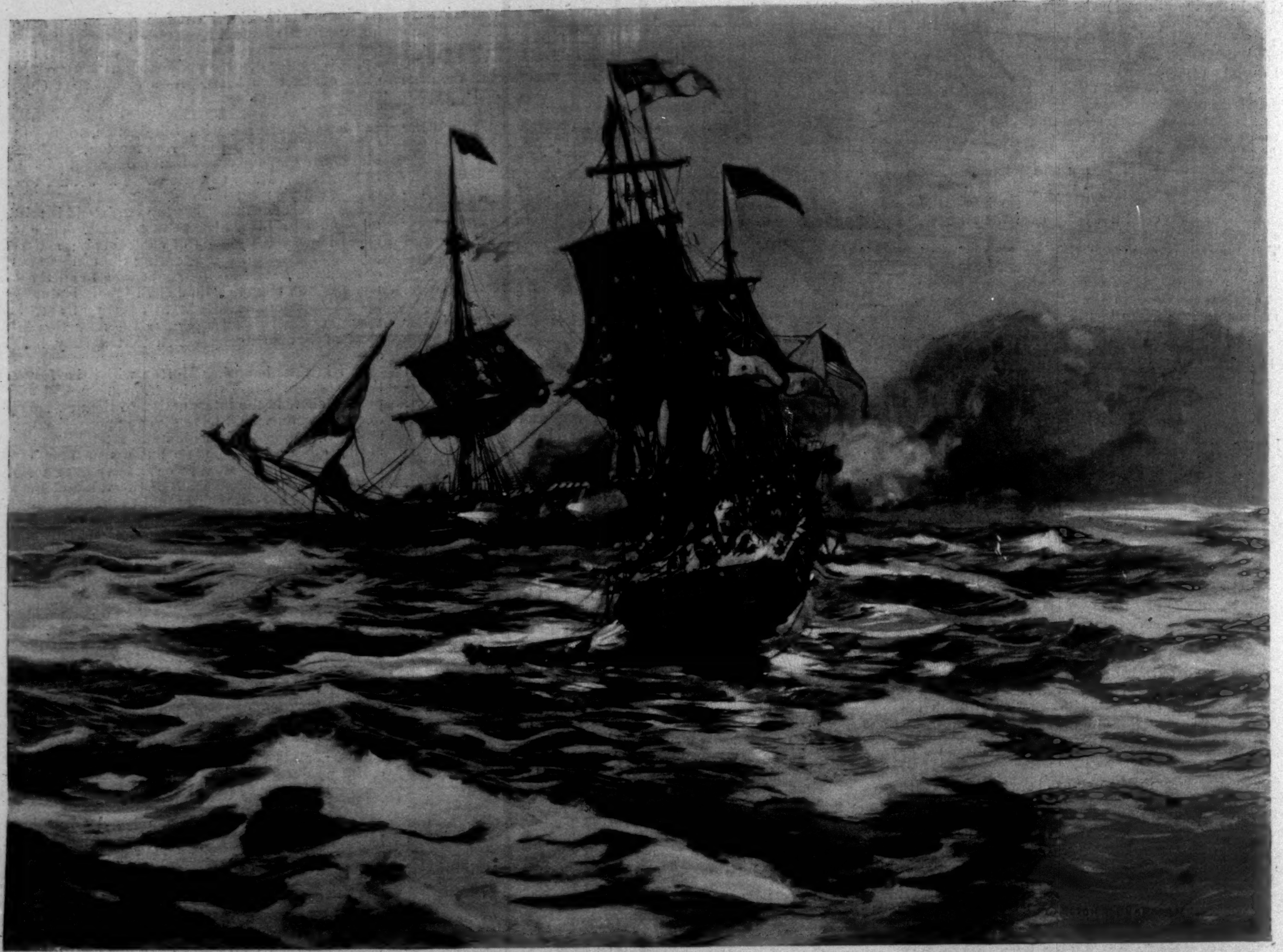
So Dr. Long must be remembered not as in any way participating in the glory of Morton's discovery, but as one who was working toward the same goal along similar lines, and who would in all probability have given anæsthesia to the world had Morton failed. Every great discovery has had such coworkers—instance, if you please, Hooke and Newton, Wallace and Darwin; but here, as elsewhere, the chief measure of credit must be awarded not to the man who *might* have made an idea fertile, but to him who *did* give it fertility.

As between Morton and any other claimant there can be no dispute as to order of credit for the discovery of anæsthesia, for it can never be in question that before the eventful operation of October 16, 1846, the world at large was in utter ignorance of the existence of an agency that could banish pain during surgical operations. Indeed, the great French surgeon Velpeau had recently pronounced the pursuit of such an agent utterly chimerical. What the great Frenchman pronounced impossible was made an accomplished verity on that memorable 16th of October. Before that day every unfortunate whose infirmity brought him under the knife of a surgeon submitted to an ordeal of excruciating agony. Thenceforth, for all time to come, such agony was to be "steeped in the waters of forgetfulness."

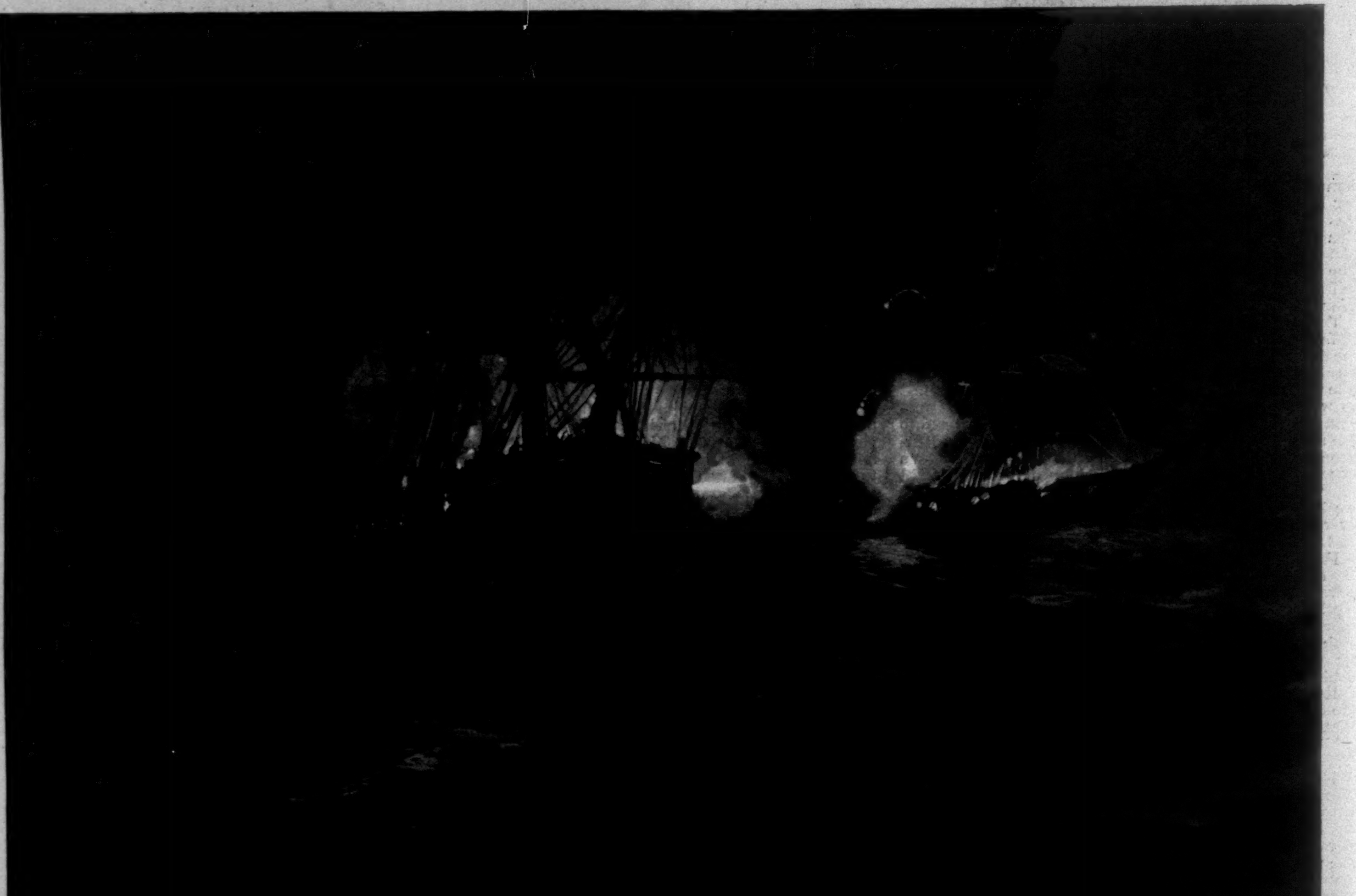
YOUNG TURKEY AND THE SULTAN.

European despatches have recently reported rumors of a possible dethronement of Sultan Abdul-Hamid in favor of his elder brother Murad. Such a palace revolution was represented as likely to be accomplished, either by the dictum of the powers, incensed at the bad government of the present Sultan, or through the efforts of the liberal party known as "Young Turkey." At any rate, the repeated massacres of Armenians have awakened strong doubts in regard to the mental sanity of Abdul-Hamid. It is strange that similar doubts or pretexts were the cause of the overthrow of his predecessor, ex-Sultan Murad, who has been confined for twenty years in the palace of Tcheragan under the plea that he was insane. In fact, he possessed all his reason and mental faculties, but the old fanatical party of the Moslems wanted to get rid of a sovereign who intended to establish a constitutional and Parliamentary government with the help of the famous Midhat Pasha and the "Young Turks." The fate of Murad recalls to the mind the worst features of the life and intrigues in the imperial seraglios. On the morning of May 30, 1876, Prince Murad, eldest son of Sultan Abdul-Medjid, was proclaimed as the successor of his uncle, Abdul-Aziz, overthrown by a palace revolution, and imprisoned in the palace of Top-Capou, at Stamboul, where he was soon found dead, with a pair of scissors lying by his side; and it may not be surely said whether he had committed suicide or was killed by hired assassins.

On the 31st of August of the same year the booming of cannon apprised the population of Constantinople that Abdul-Medjid, younger brother of Murad, was proclaimed Sultan by a decision of the Ministers' Council, sanctioned by a "fetwa" or sentence based upon the Koran, and issued by the Sheik-ul-Islam, the supreme religious chief of Islam. The "fetwa" was based upon the alleged fact that Murad was insane, though this had not been admitted by Dr. Liedersdorf, the famous Vienna specialist, who had been called to Stamboul to examine the alleged imperial patient. Murad V. was taken from his palace of Dolma-Bagtché, and for the last twenty years has lived quietly in that of Tcheragan without giving any evidence of insanity. He has been well treated by his brother, it is true; and he would be quite able to fulfil his duties of sovereign if the party of "Young Turkey" ever succeeded in placing him again on the throne, and thus give to Turkey the constitutional government over which Murad presided during the three months of his ephemeral reign.

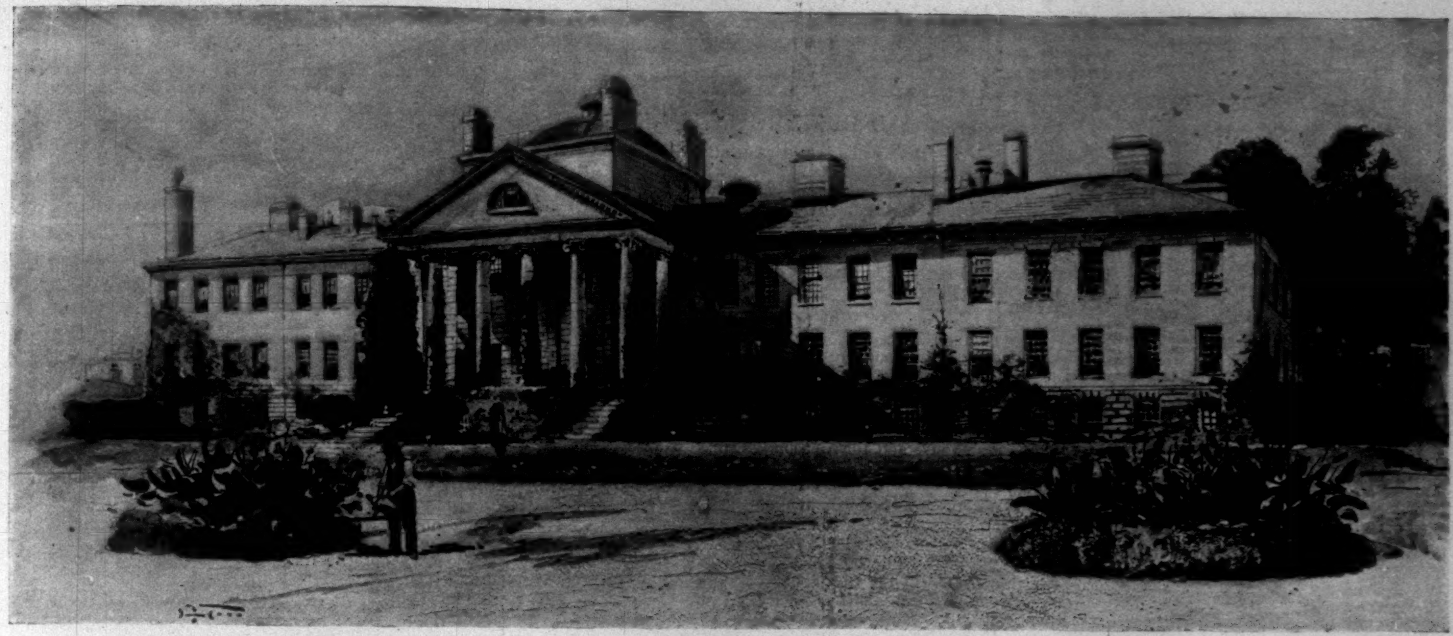


THE "WASP'S" ENGAGEMENT WITH THE "REINDEER," ON JUNE 28, 1814.—DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

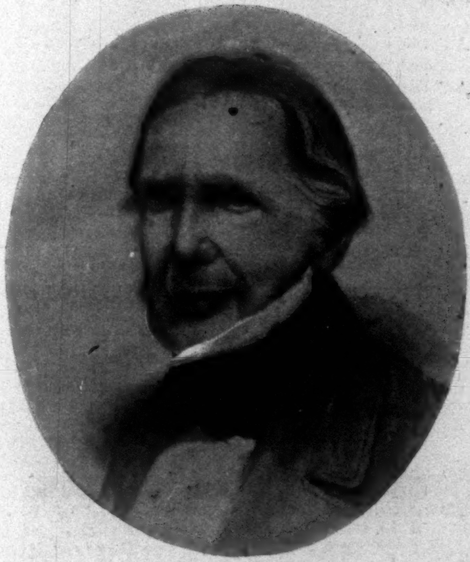


THE "WASP'S" ENGAGEMENT WITH THE "AVON," ON SEPTEMBER 1, 1814.—DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

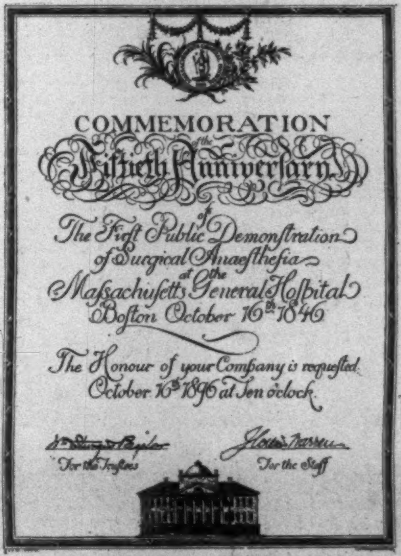
THE CRUISE OF THE UNITED STATES SLOOP OF WAR "WASP."—[SEE PAGE 1027.]



THE MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL IN BOSTON.—DRAWN BY HARRY FENN FROM AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH.



DR. JOHN C. WARREN.

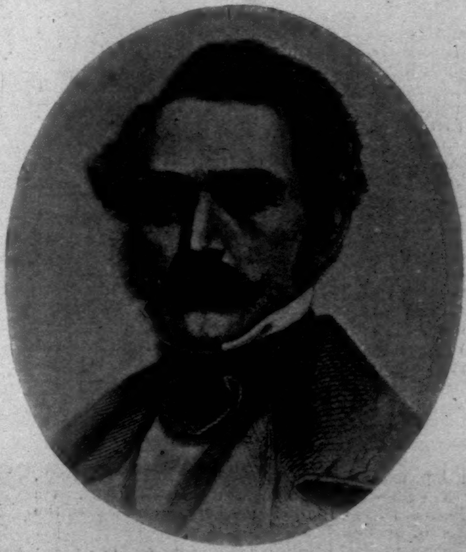


COMMEMORATION
of the
Fiftieth Anniversary
of
The First Public Demonstration
of Surgical Anaesthesia
at the
Massachusetts General Hospital
Boston October 16th 1846

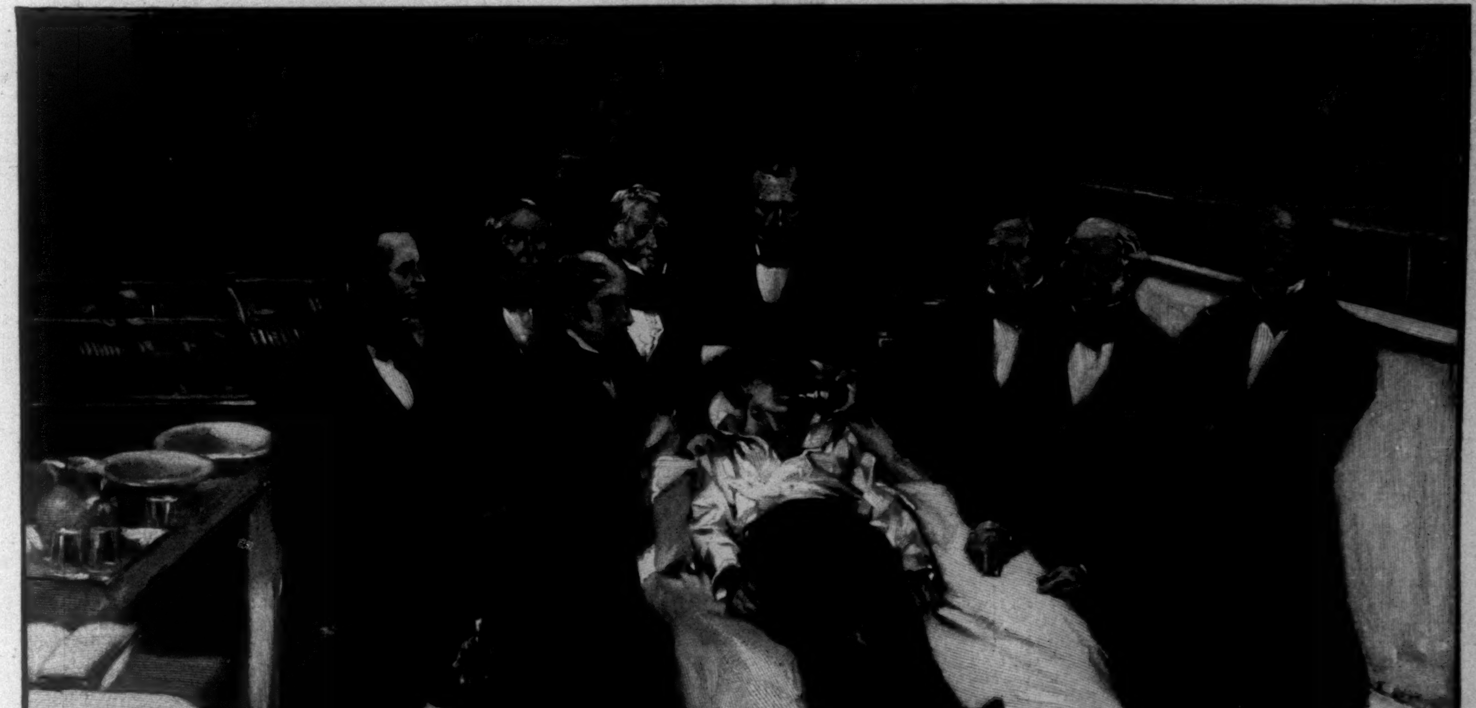
The Honour of your Company is requested
October 16th 1896 at Ten o'clock

For the Trustees
For the Staff

THE INVITATION TO THE SEMICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

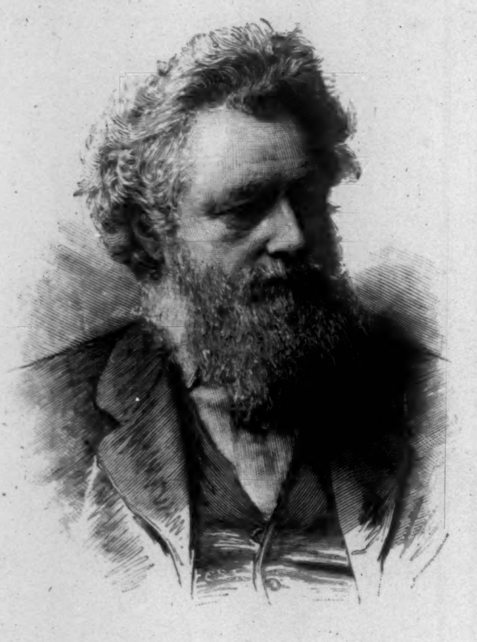


DR. WILLIAM T. G. MORTON.


Dr. John C. Warren.
Dr. W. T. G. Morton.
A. I. Keller
Dr. H. J. Bigelow.
Dr. J. Mason Warren.
Dr. S. D. Townsend.
Dr. C. F. Hayward.

THE FIRST PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION OF SURGICAL ANÆSTHESIA AT THE MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL, BOSTON, OCTOBER 16, 1846.—DRAWN BY A. I. KELLER.

THE SEMICENTENNIAL OF THE DISCOVERY OF ANÆSTHESIA.—[SEE PAGE 1031.]



WILLIAM MORRIS.

Of himself Mr. Morris said that he was a man born out of his due time; and he questioned, "Dreamer of dreams, why should I strive to set the crooked straight?" This is not the expression of a passing mood; it is an apt epigraph for his whole life. Instinctively and constantly, throughout his strenuous years, he turned for his inspiration and for the models of perfection in conduct and in art to the past or to the doubtful future. Witness his choice of subjects for his narrative poems, or stories in verse and prose: *The Defence of Guenevere, The Life and Death of Jason, The Earthly Paradise, The Story of Sigurd the Volsung, The Tale of the House of the Wolfings, The Lovers of Gudrun;* witness his ill-advised advocacy of socialism; and, on the industrial side, witness his preference for archaic forms in book-making. To his sense the present seemed "crooked." But his career has given a very noble answer to his question. He did strive with unfailing courage to set the crooked straight; so that now the comment of very many grateful contemporaries will be that he was born to the advantage of his generation, and his death it is that will be called untimely. Eminent in character, admirably successful in more than a single art, he was yet too easily prosperous ever to become supremely happy; and if his achievement falls just short of greatness, that is perhaps because in his composition there was lacking the essential single bitter drop of poverty.

He died peacefully at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, October 3, 1896—the announcement of this event, as a loss to English letters, following the announcement of the publication of his new book, *The Well at the World's End,* with an interval of but twenty-four hours. Born at Walthamstow, England, in 1834, Morris was trained first at Marlborough College, and later at Exeter College, Oxford, where he took his degree in 1856. He was already, at the time of his graduation, in possession of ample means (derived from the estate of his father, who had been a wealthy merchant), and he gratified his literary taste by founding the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine.*

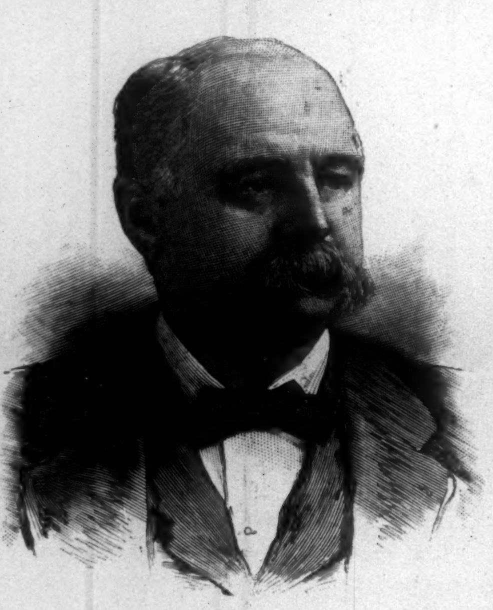
Still uncertain what medium for artistic expression he should choose, he made trial of painting and of architecture, with only moderate encouragement. His volume entitled *The Defence of Guenevere, and Other Poems,* published in 1858, attracted little attention at the period of its issue. The *Athenæum* spoke of it as a "book of pre-Raphaelite minstrelsy, which shows how far affectation may mislead an earnest man toward the fog-land of Art." It is only fair to the author and to the critic of this formidable journal to add that, almost ten years later, the *Athenæum* characterized the same work as "true poetry." Then, in 1863, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Madox Brown, and E. Burne-Jones were associated with Morris in starting an establishment in London for the manufacture of artistic wall-paper, stained-glass, and other materials of household decoration. Both the energy and the capital were Morris's. He not only directed it, but worked personally and continuously as a designer; and the natural result was that this business, which has been largely instrumental in revolutionizing taste in England and America in matters of decorative art, was eventually carried on under Morris's name alone. It prospered abundantly. Morris was approved as a craftsman, and when, in more recent years, he turned his attention to printing, his success in this field was not less marked. From the Kelmscott Press he issued a series of beautiful reprints of English classics and limited editions of new books. The form of these works was, as I have already intimated, based upon a close study of the best results obtained by the early printers; yet here again he appears as a designer, and to a certain extent a creator of new forms—adapting, combining, and seeking to improve upon his models.

Certainly there was occupation enough for a man of ordinary force in these two half-artistic, half-commercial enterprises; but it seemed that Morris's idea of rest was to pass from one kind of work to another. Besides the volumes which have been mentioned above, he published, in 1872, a poem entitled *Love is Enough, or the Freeing of Pharamond;* in 1875, *The Æneids of Virgil, done into English Verse; The Decorative Arts, and Modern Life and Progress,* in 1878; *Hopes and Fears for Art* in 1882; his admirable translation of the Odyssey of Homer, in 1887; in 1888, *A Dream of John Ball, and a King's Lesson,* and lectures on socialism, entitled *Signs of Change;* in 1890, *The Roots of the Mountains* and *The Glittering Plain;* in 1891, *News from Nowhere;* in 1892, *Poems by the Way;* and, in collaboration with Ernest Belfort Bax, *Socialism: its Growth and Outcome,* in 1893. *The Wood Beyond the World* came in 1894. To these should be added his translations from the Icelandic, in collaboration with M. Eiríkr Magnússon: *The Story of Grettir the Strong; The Story of the Volsungs and Niblungs;* and *Three Northern Love-Stories.*

Marrion Wilcox.

J. EDWARD SIMMONS.

More than usual importance attached to the election of a president of the New York Clearing-house Association this year, and consequently it was with considerable satisfaction that the financial interests of this city learned of the choice for that position of Mr. J. Edward Simmons, President of the Fourth National Bank. Mr. Simmons was born in Troy, September 9, 1841, and prepared for Williams College at the Troy Academy. Upon graduation he studied law at the Albany Law School, and was subsequently admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court. In 1867 Mr. Simmons gave up the practice of law and entered the banking business with Grant & Co., withdrawing on account of ill health in 1872. At the time of the panic caused by the failure of the Marine Bank, in 1884, Mr. Simmons was elected President of the Stock Exchange, and so successful was his administration that he was re-elected for a second term, this being followed by the offer of a third term of office. But Mr. Simmons declined this honor, and after a brief vacation in Europe, he accepted the presidency of the Fourth National Bank, and has served in that capacity ever since. He has been connected with the New York Clearing-house for many years, and proved himself especially valuable to that institution at the time of the Baring panic and during the recent financial stresses.



J. EDWARD SIMMONS.

In politics Mr. Simmons is a Democrat—a sound-money Democrat, as the nomenclature goes to-day He is said to have been the first Democratic banker openly to repudiate the Chicago platform and to come out bravely with the statement that he would vote for the Republican nominees. Mr. Simmons has always been an advocate of sound money, and he stated his position clearly in his speech at the opening of the new Clearing-house Building a few months ago. The only time he has ever held public office was as Commissioner of Education of this city for ten years, during the last five of which he was president of the board.

CEDAR KEYS' SAD PLIGHT.

No other place was so sorely smitten in the destructive sweep of the great Southern cyclone of September 29 last as Cedar Keys, Florida. The storm pounced upon the town and left it desolate. Twenty-one lives were lost. Six of its eight churches were destroyed. All but one of its school-houses were laid waste. Hundreds of its dwellings were ruined. Its industries were paralyzed. Its communication with the outer world was cut off.

Cedar Keys is a fishing-town on an oblong island four miles from the mainland of the western coast of Florida. It was accessible by a railroad line. The storm destroyed the trestle-work, and it is now said that it will be a month before it can be rebuilt. Communication by boat is difficult, because the storm wrecked hundreds of small craft. Its people have asked for help to provide food and shelter for the unfortunate.

The place was not only the victim of fierce winds, but also of what is called a "tidal wave." It was a wave that the wind rolled up in the Gulf of Mexico, and dragged along over islands and lowlands to the mainland of a limited part of the West Florida coast. It was in no sense a tidal wave. Cedar Keys was in its direct path. Thirty miles away there was no such wave, and no unusual submersion of the coast. Scores of sponge-fishermen who at first were thought to be drowned escaped death and the loss of their small vessels because of the limited area of this overwhelming wave. No such uprising of the sea had ever been known on that coast.

The winds whirled and twisted furiously about in Cedar Keys from 3 A.M. to 7 A.M. on the morning of September 29, and then came the mighty rush of waters. The wreckage of the town was complete. Buildings that withstood the force of the wind went down before the power of the water. Fire soon started. The two hotels of the town were burned. For two days the place was isolated. The storm passed on, leaving destruction in cities, large and small, as far north as Washington. Savannah, Georgia, and Staunton, Virginia, suffered severely. Scores of persons were killed by the wreckage in this march of the storm northward.

The town has tried to help itself as much as possible. The unemployed have been set to cleaning up the streets, and the homeless have been cared for as far as possible, but there is no business in the town, no market for its wares, because of its present inaccessibility. Wage-earning is at a standstill. There is none to buy in the town, and few to sell.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE SILVERITE.

Yes, sir, times was shorely diff'rent in the fall of eighty-seven;
Sometimes when I think about it now, it sorter seems like heaven.
Crops was mighty good that season, an' the harvestin' was fine,
An' the price of reel estate improvin' all along the line;
Tell we all got hifalutin' an' a feelin' mighty rich,
An' invested in plush furniture, and hangin'-lamps an' sich,
An' Maria got a bumbazine, an' I was rigged out too,
An' we driv round in our buggy jes like city people do.

Then we got the buildin' fever—broke out sudden, like the rash—
An' the most of us give mor'gages to raise the needful cash.
Why, I've seen Jim Stanly's office full of fellers, all intent
On percurin' "Eastern money" at the rate of eight per cent.
An' the nex' spring shore was boomin', fer we all hed cash to spare,
An' the saws an' planes an' hammers was a-goin' everywhere.
An' that year was Presidential, an' I recollec' the State
Went Republican fer Harrison by eighty thousand straight.

Well, them good ole days is gone now — I recall 'em with regret—
But them mor'gages was stayers, an' they shore are with us yet;
An' the crops got pore an' porer, tell Si Simpkins 'lowed thet we
Was the victims of the gole bugs an' the crime o' semty-three.
An' it made us mighty hostile when he put it that-a-way,
An' we 'lowed thet we'd get even with them plutycrats some day.
An' we hain't worked none fer talkin' all the spring an' summer through
How we'd show 'em in November what us silver bugs 'll do.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

LORD ROSEBERY.

Lord Rosebery is the mystery-man of English politics—not in the cheap and rather vulgarly sensational way in which Disraeli baffled and surprised his countrymen, but an open, ingenuous public puzzle. Nobody quite knows what he is. Nobody—and this after ten years' almost incessant publicity—quite knows what his opinions are.

He is the head of a party probably not a single member of which could draw up the articles of its leader's political faith. After reading every speech he delivered, you would find it hard to put your finger on any one proclamation of belief and say, "This is an integral part of Lord Rosebery's creed." It might even be doubted whether, outside of foreign affairs and literature, he has any definite opinions at all. He has expressed, so far as I can discover, no clear, resolute, *bona fide* views on any subject. Yet he has attempted no concealment, and, indeed, nothing can be more foreign to his austere sensitiveness than any appearance of trick or artifice. His tendencies run rather the other way; and when he became Prime Minister many respectable Liberals were quite shocked at the singular, the almost unfortunate frankness of his public speeches. Few English peers have carried themselves more openly in the broad daylight. There is as little of the haughty aristocrat in him as there is of the Puritan or the pedant; his friends are to be found in every class of society; his wide human sympathies stretch far beyond the humdrum game of politics. He has obtained an ear of corn from every harvest. The more you consider his public and private life, the more you are surprised at the inevitable bewilderment of your judgment. He hunts, shoots, farms, breeds cattle and horses, and is to be seen everywhere on the turf; he has written a brilliantly indecisive monograph on Pitt; with the applause of all England, he in two days ended a strike which for weeks had paralyzed the coal trade of the whole country; as chairman of the London County Council he handled the greatest experiment ever yet tried in municipal democracy with supreme tact and success; he was the one Foreign Minister of our time who satisfied both parties; his public speeches are triumphs of easy brilliancy; his conversation is famous for its humor, its grasp, and incisiveness; his personal popularity is immense, and no greater at Windsor than it is in Whitechapel.

It seemed two years ago as though he could not fail in anything he turned his hand to. He was apparently supreme in everything he chose to do or to attempt. And perhaps we find in this very width of his sympathies, in the mere range of his attainments, a clew to part of the mystery. Directly Lord Rosebery began to disappoint his admirers as Prime Minister, people commenced asking whether his achievements were not, after all, merely a sort of superb *charlatanerie;* whether, indeed, it was possible for a man to make a genuine success in so many different fields as those in which Lord Rosebery had tried or seemed to succeed. The reaction, as is always the case, was inclined to go too far. It was said that Rosebery had done too many things; that he did not do anything as it might have been done; that he was too brilliant; that he was only brilliant; that he was not really brilliant at all, but only superficial and showy. The disparagement was more unjust by far than even the extravagant estimate. Lord Rosebery is not a paragon; but he is a man of wonderful endowments, with a mind remarkable for breadth, ease, and readiness of comprehension, with the rarest powers of receptivity and assimilation, freer perhaps than any other Englishman from any sort of party spirit or one-sidedness. Yet there was some reason on the side of those who asked how the same individual could please so many people, advance so many causes, play so many parts, and play them with a fresh good-humor and a genial bearing which precluded the idea of doubtful cleverness or insincerity. Lord Rosebery is one of those men too clever to be believed; you never feel that you see all round him; you always suspect some subtle reserve, some ingenuity in ambush behind his lucid frankness. Had Sir William Harcourt made Lord Rosebery's speeches, England would have shown *him* far less scepticism. The point is, every one would have seen his motives—a pork-butcher could understand Harcourt. But people somehow are suspicious of the touch of whim among Lord Rosebery's elements. Things that would have made the fame of a less clever man seem mere tricks in his hands. It is perhaps a mistake to do things too easily. The serious, heavy people who take him seriously never feel quite sure of his deportment; they are aware that trusting their reputations for judgment with him is like furnishing a nursery with egg-shell china. Imagine the feelings of a solemn body of nonconformists on being told by their beloved leader that life could not be reduced to a blue-book and a biscuit.

The facts of Lord Rosebery's life do not, in his favorite phrase, "amount to much." He was born in 1847, and went to Eton and Christ Church, Oxford; made a tour round the world, and in his twenty-fourth year seconded the address to the throne. For a long while after that Lord Rosebery remained a merely ornamental speaker. He made himself useful in the thousand and one ways which lie open to a clever and amiable English aristocrat. He unveiled monuments, opened flower-shows and charitable bazaars, became the president of many institutions, was endowed here and there with the freedom of a city, and so on. His rank and fluency made him in great demand at theatrical and literary dinners. His speeches on such occasions were always light, graceful, felicitous, the easy efforts of a polished amateur. To-day I know of no English speaker better worth listening to. He is invariably fresh, witty, pointed, finished; full of literary nimbleness which keeps the mind of the audience constantly on the alert, which is continually surprising you with its sly, incisive turns. It is an intellectual treat to listen to Lord Rosebery on any subject, literary political, or artistic, to note the exquisite grace of the diction, the instinctively delicate phrasing, the incomparable ease of the speaker's delivery. A really great orator I do not think he will ever be; indeed it is doubtful whether a man of his temperament and amiable disposition ever could be a really great orator. One cannot imagine Lord Rosebery ever vehement, or aggressive, or swept with passion, or expressing strong opinions in anything but epigrams and facile pleasantries; and indignation, we are told, is even a more necessary element in the making of great speeches than in the making of small verses.

Something of Lord Rosebery's success as a speaker is undoubtedly due to his singularly youthful appearance. Looking at him from the gallery of the House of Lords, you see a smooth, boyish-looking face, lighting up readily with a quick smile, and relaxing occasionally into a solemnity which is precisely the exaggerated, portentous gravity of an overgrown school-boy. I don't wonder the confidence-men in New York thought him an easy mark. As somebody said of the great Lord Derby, "time has graciously and smilingly left all Eton in the man." His movements are unexpectedly slow and languid; his enunciation deliberate and unvarying. He appears the very personification of a bright, elegant idler; a nineteenth-century echo of the gorgeous lords of King George the Third's day. You would hardly suspect him of being more than a society lounger with a few graceful accomplishments and airy levities to amuse the ladies in a drawing-room. Still less would you suspect him of being capable of working eighteen hours a day at Foreign Office despatches. Indeed, the impossibility of reconciling seriousness with such perpetual *bonhomie* and the appearance of such complete and enjoyable idleness is still a stumbling-block to the devotion of his grave non-conformist followers.

Lord Rosebery's marriage in 1878 to Hannah, the only child of Baron Meyer de Rothschild, and the heiress to his enormous wealth, naturally attracted some attention. But it was not until the following year that he became really well known. In 1879 Mr. Gladstone commenced the first of his marvellous Midlothian tours, with Lord Rosebery's beautiful Scottish home, Dalmeny Park, as the headquarters of the campaign. In 1881 he became Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department. Four years later he was promoted to the office of First Commissioner of Works, with a seat in the cabinet. In 1886, when Mr. Gladstone announced his disastrous conversion to home-rule, Lord Rosebery became Foreign Minister. There was the greatest curiosity to see how he would acquit himself in the most hazardous office in the gift of the Queen. The curiosity was partly personal and partly political. On the one hand, it was hoped this brilliant young nobleman would be able to score another success; on the other, it was somehow expected that he would restore the fallen prestige of the Gladstonian foreign policy.

Lord Rosebery was only in the Foreign Office a few months, but he had time to show the metal he was made of. He proved himself an ardent, self-reliant imperialist, with a will that won the admiration of Prince Bismarck. He retained Uganda against the private wishes of the entire cabinet. He poured wholesome scorn on the "little Englanders." "I believe," he said, "that the party of a small England, of a shrunken England, of a degraded England, is gone forever." It is not yet gone, but its days are numbered, and it can never again be a controlling influence in English politics. The Queen declared Lord Rosebery to be a heaven-born Foreign Minister, and even the Conservatives admitted they could not have done better themselves. He forced the Liberal party to toe the Conservative mark, and established, once for all, the necessity of a continuous, unbroken foreign policy, irrespective of change of party. Here, at any rate, there is no room for doubt. Lord Rosebery is, and always must be, in the patriotic and not the Jingo sense of the term, an imperialist.

It was in 1889 that Lord Rosebery undertook the chairmanship of the London County Council. It was an office of sheer drudgery. The majority of its members were fresh to municipal work, raw, inexperienced hands. Lord Rosebery threw his whole energy into the business of shaping this rough material into an effective, businesslike assembly, and the rare tact and temper and administrative ability of his chairmanship did more than anything else to convince his countrymen of his ability. One might apply to him, and with fuller justice, the Duke of Argyll's epigram on Lord Granville. He was a "born amalgam"—a master in the arts of composing divergent and conflicting personalities and interests. One incident connected with his chairmanship is worth the telling. He let it be known that he wished the members of the L. C. C. to address him simply as "Mr. Chairman." As a clever writer in the *Nineteenth Century* remarked, many whole-souled Radicals might have shrunk from issuing this order, might have thought there would seem something a little patronizing and condescending in the command. Not so Lord Rosebery. He knew his men, and scored his first great success by this simple artifice. He conquered all hearts by his "Mr. Chairman." So deeply, indeed, did this act of grace sink into the heart of the London Radical that when the *Daily Chronicle* was working overtime to press the claims of Rosebery to the Premiership, it again and again brought up this marvel of lordly affability. Whenever it grew out of breath in the task of panegyric, it filled up the interval with the remark that Lord Rosebery had actually told the L. C. C. to call him "Mr. Chairman," when he might have insisted on the delights of "My lord." One was reminded of the ecstasy with which the old ladies in *Cranford* noted that Lady Glenmire, if she had chosen, might have sat down to tea in a coronet, instead of a cap.

The death of his wife, to which reference is touchingly made in the preface of his book, drove Lord Rosebery out of active politics for a year or more. In the autumn of 1892, when Mr. Gladstone for the fourth time in his life became Prime Minister, the portfolio of the Foreign Office was offered to him and refused. He declared he was tired of political life, that his health could not stand the strain, and that he had made other plans for filling up his time. The entire press, his own party, his friends, even his political opponents, besought him to take office. The country generally refused to believe in the possibility of any other Foreign Minister. Very reluctantly, and only in obedience to direct pressure from the Queen herself, did he consent to return to office. Nobody even now seems quite to know the real reasons of his first refusal. Like so much else connected with him, they remain a mystery.

Mr. Gladstone, after passing a home-rule bill through the Commons, only to see it emphatically rejected by the Lords, made up his mind to retire from Parliamentary life. His last speech was a clear call to the Liberal party to bend all their energies to an attack on the privileges of the Upper House. It soon became evident that the choice of a successor lay between Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt; and before long it was seen that Lord Rosebery was the only man whom the warring groups could agree to elect as their leader. Each faction was confident he was hand and glove with themselves alone. The teetotalers were certain he was one with them, the Liberal brewers equally convinced he was their best friend. The Welshmen prophesied that his first act would be to disestablish the Welsh Church; the Church of England Whigs felt themselves at liberty to make their minds easy on that point. The Irish Nationalists hailed him as an out-and-out home-ruler; the English Liberals—by this time heartily sick of their enforced alliance with the Irishmen—smiled with superior knowledge at the notion of Lord Rosebery dismembering the empire. The socialists lit bonfires of welcome in honor of this "rising hope of the new democracy"; the solid Whigs pertinently asked whether a land-owner in five counties and a resident in three was likely to be driven into "rash" legislation. There was an absolute ignorance concerning Rosebery's real opinions, so that speculation was free and unfettered. The Liberals in the country were his to a man, and as for the Gladstonian press, it showed an absolute unanimity of approval, the *Daily Chronicle* in its eagerness giving him each morning a fresh certificate of unblemished Radicalism. Mr. Labouchere's clear-sighted cynicism and hard common-sense had alone passed through the fire of Rosebery's blandishments untouched. He was the one implacable man of the party. Every other group and interest was not only willing but eager to accept Lord Rosebery as its leader.

Such sudden popularity, of course, could not last. Directly Lord Rosebery showed his hand he was bound to disappoint some one, and he cannot perhaps very reasonably be held responsible for not satisfying expectations he had done nothing to arouse. People lost sight of the enormous difficulties of his task. It was not merely that he had to succeed Mr. Gladstone and to risk the inevitable comparison. He inherited also a cabinet which he had not formed, and a policy in which he had had no hand. It must also be added that he inherited Sir William Harcourt. Sir William bore his disappointment about the Premiership manfully and in dignified silence; but Sir William, after all, is human. If persistent rumor was to be credited, he found it difficult to work harmoniously with his new chief. Lord Rosebery unconsciously described the situation in his work on Pitt: "It does not signify which of the two was to blame for this mutual mistrust; that it existed is sufficient. It would be too much to maintain that all the members of a cabinet should feel an implicit confidence in each other; humanity—least of all, political humanity—could not stand so severe a test. But between a Prime Minister in the House of Lords and the leader of the House of Commons such a confidence is indispensable. Responsibility rests so largely with the one, and articulation so greatly with the other, that unity of sentiment is the one necessary link that makes a relation, in any case difficult, in any way possible. The voice of Jacob and the hands of Esau may effect a successful imposture, but can hardly constitute a durable administration." So indeed it proved.

But above all else the cause of Lord Rosebery's failure was Lord Rosebery himself. The uncertainty as to what his views precisely were lent enormous interest to his

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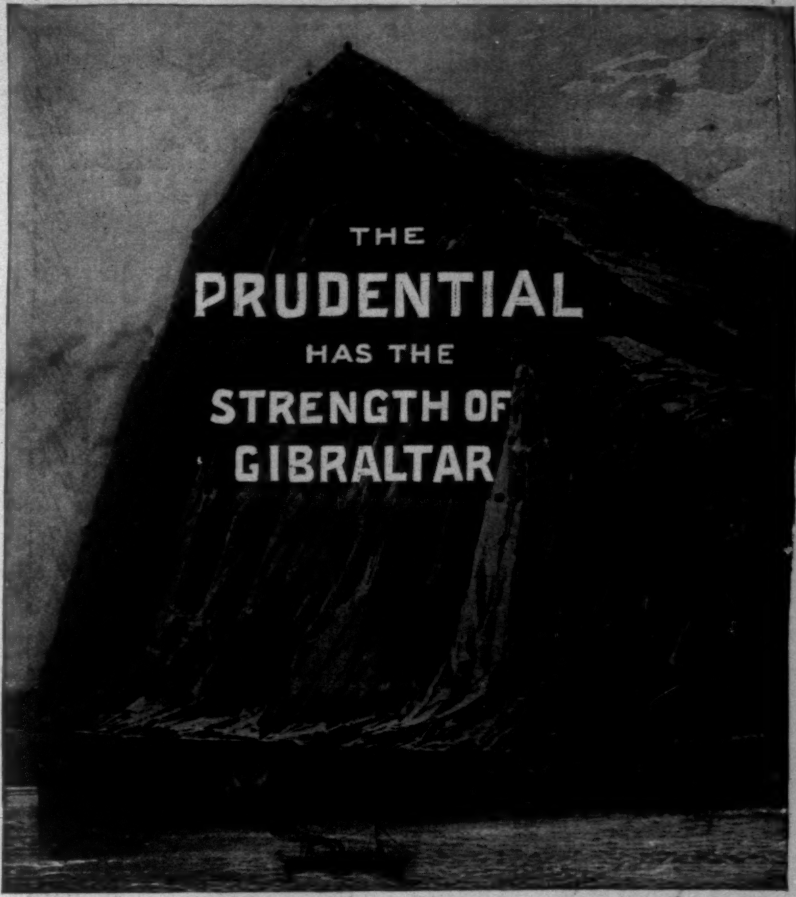

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first appearance as Premier. Would he come out square-footed for home-rule? Would he boldly second Mr. Gladstone's challenge, and enter upon a vigorous crusade against the House of Lords? In his very first speech he cut himself definitely adrift from the Gladstonian policy towards Ireland. "The noble Marquis," he said, commenting on Lord Salisbury's speech, "made one remark on the subject of home-rule with which I confess myself in complete accord. He said that before Irish home-rule is conceded by the Imperial Parliament, England, as the predominant member of the partnership of the three kingdoms, will have to be convinced of its justice." The "predominant partner" stuck in the memory, and the Liberal party has never recovered from the phrase. Such a howl of indignation went up from the Irish Nationalists that Lord Rosebery was indeed prevailed upon by the party wire-pullers to make a halting and humiliating attempt to explain it away. But its deadly succinctness admits of no two explanations, and it must stand on record as a carefully weighed declaration of his belief. It "gave away" the whole case of home-rule. Henceforward there can be no question of home-rule for Ireland till England is convinced of the justice of it—which she is very far from being at present.

Lord Rosebery made a greater mistake in his policy on the House of Lords question. Everybody admits that the House of Lords is not an ideal assembly, that its irresponsibility and peculiar constitution are not quite in accordance with the tenets of democracy. Lord Rosebery in his earlier days had shown himself very much alive to the necessity of reform, and had even tried to induce the peers to effect the reforms themselves. Now he was to be at the head of what he was assured was a great popular agitation for the removal of the very anomalies he had always protested against. There was nothing, one would have thought, which he could have liked better; nothing into which he might have been expected to throw more enthusiasm and earnestness of purpose. He dallied for some months, no doubt preparing the thunderbolt. It came at last. He announced its advent himself to an immense provincial audience. Do you mean, he asked, to reform or to abolish the House of Lords by a revolution or by constitutional methods? Clearly by the latter. But then the Lords alone can constitutionally put an end to their own existence and reform their own abuses. It is hardly to be expected they will pass a bill abolishing their own House. With a perpetual Tory majority, and the right of veto which it possesses, the House of Lords is impregnable against an outside attack. What then? Are things to last like this forever? Are the Commons to be always at the feet of their hereditary tyrants? Have they no remedy to propose? Yes: the House of Commons can—pass a resolution! Could anything have been more utterly disheartening? Who ever set forth the impossibilities of such a policy with more unerring logic or more pitiless clearness? Truly the Roseberian irony rises to the real Socratic level. Lord Randolph Churchill used to say that the House of Lords would last forever. Lord Rosebery went further: he proved it. Of course he was mercilessly chaffed about this omnipotent resolution. The Tories were never tired of drawing him out on the subject. Lord Rosebery appealed to the Liberal party and the people of England for guidance and inspiration. The Liberal party and the people of England were in the position of a client who, on consulting his lawyer, finds himself called upon to furnish all the advice and experience. The Liberal party and the people of England were, no doubt, flattered by having their advice taken on a subject of which they knew nothing, but it was hard for them not to look supremely foolish.

It was typical of the mistake which Lord Rosebery has made all along. He does not realize that even democracy asks leading of its leaders. He has not comprehended the instinctive humility of King Demos, his consciousness of his own incapacity, his wish for guidance and support. It is of no use regarding the people as a personal sovereign, to be persuaded, managed, cajoled, or evaded, but never instructed or defied. Still less is it of use to take him suddenly from his pupillary state, thrust cap and gown and ferule upon him, and assure him he is now the head master. The people of England, in utter bewilderment, did nothing. What else could they do? The agitation collapsed in a moment, and the terms of the resolution still remain hidden in Lord Rosebery's imagination. The whole business showed a deplorable lack of political nerve, a putting of the hand to the plough and looking backward. It may, of course, have been due to Lord Rosebery's wretched ill health at the moment. The general opinion is that it was a sudden and startling failure in political intelligence. If Lord Rosebery is ever to make a name as a successful Premier, he must find the courage to be himself. Who can tell whether he will? Or who, again, dare prophesy that he will not? PICAROON.

Since the above was written the news of Lord Rosebery's resignation of the Premiership has reached America. His resolution seems to have been taken in a fit of pique, and can hardly be regarded as final. The country will probably, however, take him at his word.

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AMATEVR · SPORT

The discourteous treatment accorded Mr. Howard Gould by the English Yacht Racing Association bears so importantly on the international yachting relations between Great Britain and the United States, that sportsmen should be put in possession of every detail of the unhappy *contretemps*. It is on that account, and because so many inquiries have come to this Department from far and near, that we give space to the full correspondence between the Yacht Racing Association and Mr. Gould, recently made public by the latter:

"Savoy Hotel, London, *September* 26, 1896.

"*To the Council of the Yacht Racing Association:*

"Gentlemen,—The yachting season of 1896 is now at an end and we are returning to my home in America, but before departing from England I feel it my duty to send you this communication. I had hoped all summer to receive a letter from your association which would have made this communication unnecessary.

"My yacht *Niagara*, which has two small water-tanks of thirty gallons each for the ordinary supply of her crew, was, in 1895, measured by one of the official measurers of the Yacht Racing Association for a racing certificate, and entered in the races of that year, sailing some fifty or more. These tanks were constructed by Herreshoff in accordance with the original plan of the vessel solely for the above-mentioned purpose. The manner in which the tanks were constructed was visible to the eye, known to many of the members of your association, and was no secret. The *Niagara* was in a like manner measured in 1896. These tanks were not altered.

GOELET '96 SCHOONER CUP, WON BY "COLONIA."
By Courtesy of Tiffany & Co.

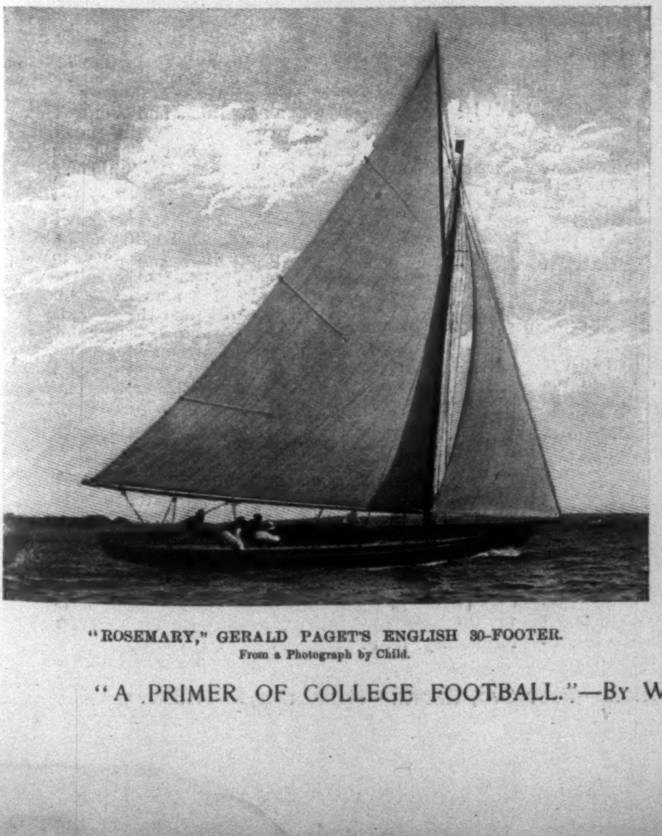
"After the race of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, on May 22, 1896, in my absence, without any previous communication with me, without any notice to me—although such notice could easily have been given—and without any prior knowledge on my part, a committee of your association suddenly boarded the *Niagara* and made certain examinations. Notice of this visit was made to me five days later in the following letter from the Secretary of the Yacht Racing Association:

"'Yacht Racing Association, 24 Sussex Gardens,
Hyde Park, London, W., *May* 27, 1896.

"'Dear Sir,—A report was made to the Council of the Yacht Racing Association that your yacht *Niagara* was fitted with a tank under the seat on each side of the cabin, and that these were connected by a pipe so as to make it possible, by merely turning a cock, to run water from one tank into the other, and thus use them as shifting water ballast, which might be advantageous in certain cases.

"'Three members of the council were in consequence requested to inspect the tanks, which they did immediately after the race of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, on May 22, and in your absence were afforded every facility by Captain Barr.

"'The members of the council do not wish to convey any idea on their part that the tanks were used for the purpose indicated. On the contrary, their impression is the other way. But I am requested to suggest, in order to place the matter beyond suspicion, that it is desirable to make impracticable the run of the water from one tank to the other, which could readily be done by a small alteration in the pipes.



"ROSEMARY," GERALD PAGET'S ENGLISH 30-FOOTER.
From a Photograph by Child.

"'I should be glad to hear, for the information of the council, that this will be done at once. Dixon Kemp.'

"I repeat that this communication was the first notice I had from the Yacht Racing Association of this extraordinary action on their part. I was never informed who constituted the committee, who failed even to leave their names with my sailing-master. I answered this communication on June 2, expressing my sense of the discourtesy shown and implied by such procedure. My answer follows, which was not, to my knowledge, included in the correspondence given out to the press:

"'Niagara,' Harwich, *June* 2, 1896.

"'Dear Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of yours of May 27 regarding the *Niagara's* water-tanks. I greatly regret not having had the courtesy of notification of the intended visit of the committee, as it would have afforded me much pleasure to have been present and personally shown them over the yacht, but I am pleased to hear from you that the investigation was satisfactory. Any report that the tanks were used for shifting water ballast is absolutely false, and upon reading the Yacht Racing Association's rules carefully, I fail to see that they in any way conflict with them.

"'However, for the sake of harmony I am willing to make any change to meet the approval of the council, providing such change shall not increase the weight to be carried. As it is, she races with every possible pound of weight out of her, and I do not wish any alteration that would make her any heavier. In order that the question cannot again arise, kindly let me know exactly how the council suggest making the change and still leave three days' water-carrying capacity for the needs of the crew in making passages. Yours very truly,
Howard Gould.'

"I append herewith the reply to the above:

"'Yacht Racing Association, 24 Sussex Gardens,
Hyde Park, London, W.

"'Dear Sir,—Your letter of June 2 was placed before the committee of the Yacht Racing Association Council yesterday. I am directed to state that the committee received with satisfaction your assurances that you will carry out their suggestions. These suggestions are that the pipes and cocks connecting the water-tanks under the sofas be removed at once, and that a separate supply-pipe service be provided for each tank. This change will involve about ten pounds additional weight. When these are carried out, please cause Mr. A. R. Payne to be informed of the same, and he will inspect the tanks and make a formal report that the suggestions of the committee of the Yacht Racing Association's Council have been complied with.
I am faithfully yours, Dixon Kemp.'

"Had I been communicated with prior to this discourteous and unusual visit, I would gladly have established the following facts: First, that the *Niagara* was measured with her water-tanks empty; second, that the water in the tanks had never been used, and was not used in any instance as shifting ballast; and third, that it was impracticable to make advantageous use of the tanks for such a purpose had I desired to do so. The report that the tanks were connected by a pipe so as to make it possible by merely turning a cock to run the water from one tank into the other, and thus use them as shifting water ballast, which might be advantageous in certain cases, conveyed an unjust reflection, and it is not true that advantageous use of the tanks for such a purpose could be made.

"My objection is not to the fact that the examination of the tanks was made, but to the mode of proceeding adopted. Despite this action on the part of your committee, and to prevent further unjust suspicion and in the interest of harmony, I made certain alterations in severing the pipe connection between the tanks, much to the discomfort of the crew, lessening thereby their water supply. I am surprised that I never received any explanation of the course pursued in boarding the yacht without communicating with me, although I characterized such action as discourteous at the time.

"In the absence of such explanation or disavowal on the part of the Yacht Racing Association, I consider the course pursued not only discourteous, but personally offensive, and essentially destructive of the amicable relations which lie at the very foundation of the existence of international contests of this character, which should be founded upon gentlemanly intercourse, fair and open dealing, and high and scrupulous honor.

"Certainly self-respecting yachtsmen of other countries will not hereafter voluntarily subject themselves to similar treatment if the course pursued toward me is held and declared by the Yacht Racing Association to be according to its ideas of what is proper, fair, and just. As the matter has received so much publicity, I am sending a copy of this communication to the press.
Faithfully yours, Howard Gould."

Analysis of our feelings is not simple after acquaintance with the complete history of this clandestine visit to *Niagara*—whether it be contempt for the instigators of such caddish treatment, or pity for the blush of shame that its recital must bring to the cheek of every English gentleman. In our conviction, however, of what Mr. Gould's course should have been under the circumstances there is no wavering. He should have withdrawn his yacht at once, and declined to race under the rules of an Association guilty of such unsportsmanly and, from any point of view, unwarranted conduct.

Our recent experiences with England in yachting have supplied us with some puzzling queries:

Is it that the Englishman, usually a sportsman, becomes an anomaly, a cad, a "sporting gent," in yachting?

Or has the virulent enmity and malignant language of Dixon Kemp (yachting editor of the *London Field*) touching all things American set Englishmen by the ears?

Or does the cue come from Dunraven, president of the English Yacht Racing Association?

Or have the successive defeats of English by American sloops created a resentment so implacable?

Or are the men that engage in yachting of a different and inferior grade to those we find in all other sports in England?

Or are the traditions of English sportsmanship and fair play in error, and the Britisher, after all, at heart, a bad loser, and a sportsman only when victorious?

Whatever the cause, the result makes an equally unfavorable impression upon Americans, and, indeed, upon sportsmen the world over.

Despite some press evidence to the contrary, we cannot believe the conduct of the Yacht Racing Association, Dunraven, Kemp, & Co., goes uncensured in England.

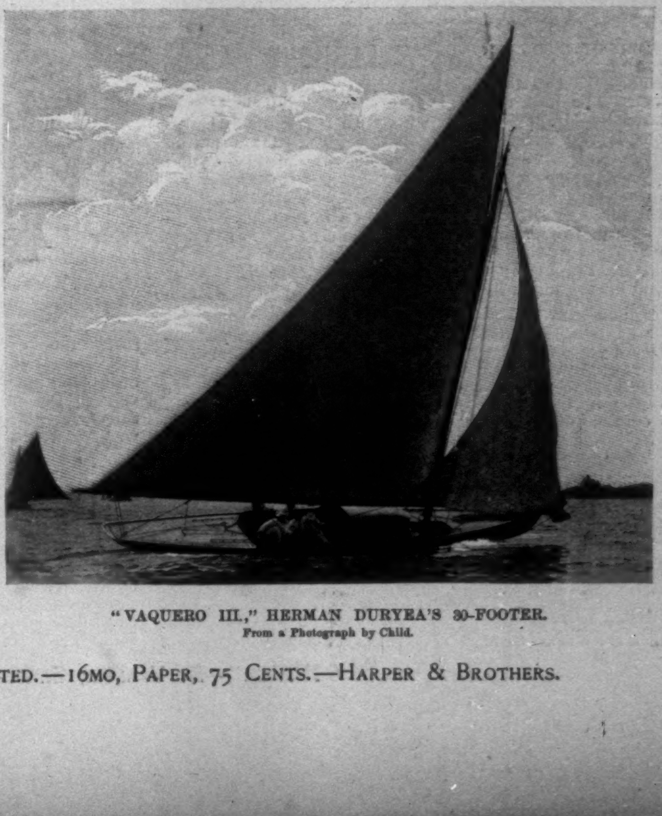
R. D. WRENN,
United States Lawn-Tennis Champion for 1896.

We remember with much pleasure the visits of *Genesta* and *Galatea* in '85 and '86, their races for the *America's* Cup, and the sportmanship of their owners, Sir Richard Sutton and Lieutenant William Henn; we recall the manly bearing, under overwhelming defeat last year by Yale in New York, of the Cambridge University athletic team's captain, Mr. Horan, and we conclude tradition has not misrepresented the Briton, but that his yachting has fallen into the hands of a "sporting" fraternity of whom Dunraven is an illustrious chief, and Kemp a well-equipped historian.

The net result is that one has estranged the two most prominent yacht clubs of the world, while the other has destroyed the yachting trustworthiness of one of the leading journals devoted to sport, and each has merited and received the contempt of the sportsmen of both countries. Incidentally the sportsmanly reputation of all England has suffered. It seems rather a heavy tribute to the exploitation of individual resentment, be the individual what he may, or the resentment never so unappeasable.

Perhaps some day Englishmen will learn the *Field's* invariable assumption—that to be an American is to be a sharper—is as intolerable to us as would be our assumption to them that all Englishmen are Dunravens or Kemps. Englishmen are not quick of discernment. Meanwhile we are entering upon our forty-fifth year of continuous possession of the *America's* cup.

As to the tanks on *Niagara*, and the ridiculous suspicion of the English Yacht Racing Association that Mr. Gould proposed using the something like three hundred pounds weight of water in them as shifting ballast—just a word in finale. Probably the Yacht Racing Association



"VAQUERO III.," HERMAN DURYEA'S 30-FOOTER.
From a Photograph by Child.

"A Primer of College Football."—By W. H. Lewis.—Illustrated.—16mo, Paper, 75 Cents.—Harper & Brothers.

will tell us, in its official report on this outrage upon Mr. Gould, how the water was to run from the leeward to the windward tank—to run up hill, in other words—without the aid of hydraulic ram or other force-pump. Ballast is used, of course, to windward only, and just how the water was going to filter through a small connecting-pipe, from one tank at the lower end of the angle made by a boat heeled over under canvas to another tank at the upper end of the angle, is a matter upon which our early education neglected to enlighten us.

It is certainly extraordinary into what ludicrous positions unbridled animosity is likely to betray men. For the rest, it remains yet to be shown when in an international contest an American failed to live up to the letter and spirit of the law governing contests between gentlemen on land or water. When such an instance becomes a matter of record, it will be time enough to view the acts of our sportsmen with suspicion.

The discussion now making for a change in the yacht-racing rules will, it is earnestly hoped, result in the adoption of a new formula that will relieve the present unsatisfactory state of affairs. The past season has exemplified beyond peradventure that we stand sorely in need of a new system of measurement. At present there are too many classes, and existing rules fail to provide conditions under which boats of very recent construction and those built five years ago may meet on fairly equal terms. It used to be that a yachtsman could build with some degree of assurance that he would have at least three or four years' racing out of his boat. Nowadays the subordination in designing of every idea to racing has given us an extreme type which lasts but a season, perhaps, and is costly to build and expensive to maintain. The successful boat of last year is a back number this year, and next year yet another may be evolved even more startlingly "modern." The result is we get a number of extreme types of varying dimensions, with no rule to equalize their respective peculiarities, and no possibility of fair or even interesting racing among them.

It costs money to build yachts of any type, but to keep pace with the last few years' development of the modern racer would require the income of a millionaire. Thus, for certainly five years, while "modern types" were being launched in one class or another, general yacht-racing in all classes has been steadily declining. The climax has been reached in the season just closed. We have seen regattas with only three or four entries where there should have been a dozen, and but for the match-sailing between *Colonia* and *Emerald*, and *Quissetta* and *Amorita*, the yachting year of 1896, from a racing point of view, would have been an utter failure. And it has not been from lack of prizes or activity on the part of the club committees. In no year have so many handsome cups been offered, and at no time have the clubs provided more liberally for the entertainment of their members. The cause for the season's apathy is not to be found in that direction. But it is to be found in the great number of unfilled classes, and the mad chase of the last few years after the modern racing-machine. If we regard the future of American yachting, we must needs consider this matter very seriously. It seems a fitting occasion for our prominent yacht clubs, the New York, Larchmont, Eastern, Seawanhaka-Corinthian, and Atlantic, to meet for mutual benefit and co-operative legislation. Yachtsmen will not order boats, knowing that under the present rules their yachts may be outbuilt within two years. The game is not worth the candle.

Something must be done to equalize, in racing, the various types which comprise our fleet of schooners and sloops. And beyond that something must be done, too, to encourage filling the medium-sized sloop classes. The big single-stickers, the eighty and ninety footers, can never become popular; not only because of their initial cost, but on account of the considerable expense entailed in racing them. What we need to enliven sloop-racing is a class not under forty-five nor over sixty feet l. w. l. Indeed, there is room between these figures for two sport-giving classes. One of the most successful classes American yachting ever had was the forty-footers. We must have a class that is within the reach of the yachtsman of moderate income, and rules that will give him some chance in the racing, and yet do not necessitate his building a racing-machine pure and simple. We must harmonize the cruising and racing elements, and it should be remembered that of the two the former is the more stable and more popular with the rank and file of yachtsmen. The forty-five-footer may be built for less than four thousand dollars; it can be raced with a crew of from six to eight men, and cruised by half that number; it is seaworthy and livable, and withal the handiest craft afloat.

The question of an equalizing rule is so important and of such widespread interest, yachtsmen will be glad, I am sure, to read the views of an expert naval architect. For that reason I give herewith a rule formulated by Mr. Irving Cox, who, with Mr. William Gardner, is responsible for *Quissetta*. Mr. Cox appears to have overlooked the advantage his rule would give the centreboard over the keel type of boat, insomuch as the former's draught would be increased to whatever extent the centreboard was lowered below the keel, and should therefore in some way be proportionately taxed. But that inequality would of course be remedied before the actual adoption of a rule; meanwhile the suggestion of Mr. Cox, and his argument in its support, are worthy of consideration:

"I understand that the Race Committee of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club have at present under consideration the advisability of reformulating the rule known as the Seawanhaka corrected-length rule, governing the time allowance received by a smaller yacht from a larger one. I also understand that the proposed change is in no way on account of any failure of the rule between boats of the same general type, as *Colonia*, *Emerald*, *Amorita*, *Quissetta*, representing the latest advance in design and construction, or as between *Marguerite*, *Sachem*, *Mayflower*, *Sea Fox*, and *Iroquois*, representing the cruising class; but when boats of both types are raced together in one class a system of time allowance based solely on water-line length and sail area is manifestly inadequate, and favors the boat of excessive draught and over-all length.

"When the formula load-water-line length, plus the square root of the sail area divided by two, equals the racing length, was evolved, racing-yachts were radically different in model from the present canoe form, with weighted finlike under-water body, and in order to bring the two types together in a race we must tax the excessive proportions of the newer boats, not to the extent of forcing any reversion of type, but simply to bring about a fair race between boats of practically equal size, although of unequal dimensions. Furthermore, the present type of racing-yacht, while undoubtedly fast, has some very undesirable features. Comparing the models of the *Iroquois* and the *Amorita*, the former gives a good cruising-boat, easy in a seaway, and with proper distribution of weights to make her so. She also, thanks to her large keel-line, will be steady-running, and will lay to well. She will have more cabin room than the other on very much less draught of water, and will cost a third less at least. The *Amorita* type is faster, it is true, but at what a cost! She has so great a metacentric height—in other words, her righting-lever is so long, and the weight at the ends so heavy—that she is practically dangerous in a seaway. Her lateral resistance is so centralized that when hove to there is danger from broaching to with every wave that strikes the long overhanging ends, and, finally, she is in danger of grounding in most of our home ports, and cannot make Southern cruises on the same grounds.

"As a result of comparing all the forms of the best known cruising and racing yachts of to-day, together with their records in races, I have evolved a formula, or rather an addition to the existing formula, which seems to fit the purpose I have had in view, namely, to encourage yacht-racing without unduly taxing any element either of seaworthiness or of speed. I simply add to the present racing-length a proportionate amount for every increase above the normal in draught, over-all length, and sail area. I find that a modern racing-yacht's draught varies as 1.4 multiplied by the square root of the load water-line, and that a mean of existing boats gives a proportion of over-all to load-water-line length of one hundred to seventy-five, or for allowable over-all length take 1.33 multiplied by load-water-line length, and that a fair mean of the square root of the sail area is 1.05 multiplied by load-water-line length, or, in other words, that the square root of the sail area is, on the general average, five per cent. more than the load-water-line length.

"Now my contention is that up to these limits boats are fair and normal, and should pay no penalty for excess in dimensions, but that above these proportions boats are machines and abnormal, and should pay an extra penalty when racing with a normal and sensible type of boat. My formula for obtaining amount of said extra tax is as follows:

"Let A equal excess of draught on 1.4 multiplied by the square root of the load water-line.

"Let B equal excess of over-all length above 1.33 multiplied by load-water-line length.

"Let C equal the excess of the square root of the sail area above 1.05 multiplied by load-water-line length.

"Then A multiplied by 3 plus B plus C plus the load-water-line length and the square root of the sail area divided by 2 equals the racing length.

"Excess of depth has a value of six as against the value of one for excess of length and excess of the square root of the sail area, because depth and length are as six is to one, and, inversely, the square root of the sail area is supposedly equal to length in speed value.

"To illustrate this point, compare the dimensions of *Amorita* and *Iroquois*. *Amorita* is, roughly speaking, 99 feet over all, 70 feet on the water-line, 13 feet draught, and 80 square root of the sail area. Her racing-length is 75 feet. *Iroquois* is 97 feet over all, 80 feet on the water-line, 10 feet draught, 84 square root of sail area; racing-length, 82 feet.

"The new formula for *Amorita* will be A equals excess of draught over 1.4 of the square root of the sail area equals 13 minus 1.4 multiplied by 836 equals 1.3. B equals excess of over-all length above 1.33 multiplied by load water-line equals 99 minus 1.33 multiplied by 70, equals 5.90. C equals excess of square root of sail area above 1.05 multiplied by load-water-line length equals 40 minus 1.05 multiplied by 35 equals 3.25.

"Then the formula will work out as follows:

$$\frac{3.9 + 5.90 + 3.25 + 70 + 80}{2}$$

equals 83.47 racing-length.

"The *Iroquois* has no excess of length over these dimensions that are suggested to get taxed, and her racing-length is the same under both rules."

As a kindergarten for sailor-men the conception of the thirty-foot class was praiseworthy, and deserving of all the success the project attained. It is to be hoped this class or some other similar one, such as the twenty-one-footers last year, for instance, will always be maintained. Not that such classes have any bearing on the general development of our yachts or progress of our yachting, but solely because they are the most certain developers of Corinthian sailor-men. These classes of little racers are mistakenly viewed by many as part and parcel of the general yacht-racing season, and I have been a little amused in reading the labored arguments advanced to prove these thirty-footers a failure, because they have revealed nothing new in designing, and have no significance on the lines of future racing single-stickers.

The mistake is entirely in the point of view. As experiments in naval architecture, they are not to be taken seriously. It was never intended they should be so considered. They differ materially from the one-design cat-boats of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian club and the "knockabouts" of Boston (of which class *Cock Robin* is the champion), because these two classes are more seaworthy and possible for cruising in a small way, whereas the thirty-footers are fit for racing only and in comparatively smooth water. They were built with the sole idea of getting the greatest speed out of a craft carrying between nine hundred and fifty and one thousand square feet of canvas on a water-line length of between twenty-nine and thirty feet, an over-all length not exceeding forty-three feet, and a draught, without centreboard, no deeper than seven feet two inches.

They are simply decked canoes, with no bulkheads or interior fittings, a draught of hull which in no case exceeded two feet, and a bulb fin-keel attachment. They are certainly the wettest boats and the quickest on the helm that were ever floated. The class numbered about a dozen, most of them from one designer, and certainly they provided the most exhilarating racing of the year. Nothing so exciting on the water has been witnessed as these thirties manœuvring for position at the start. And no craft demands greater skill of the helmsman.

The projectors of the thirty-footers largely defeated their excellent object, however, by failing to bar professional skippers, and as a result only a few of the boats have been sailed by amateurs. As the only possible value of the class was the opportunity it afforded Corinthians for practical drilling in boat-sailing, there is little we can place to the credit of the thirty-footers this season. Those who needed instruction most have ignored the opportunity of acquiring it.

The leading four thirties of the season were *Vaquero*, H. B. Duryea; *Asahi*, Bayard Thayer; *Hera*, R. N. Ellis; and *Puck*, E. D. Morgan; and all these yachtsmen, save Mr. Thayer, sailed their own boats. From beginning to ending of the season *Asahi* won about three more firsts in over twenty races than *Vaquero*, but the latter more than evened the account by the number of second and third places to its credit. *Hera* is third on the list, although the scores of *Vaquero* and *Asahi* are much longer.

Rosemary, an English thirty, was brought over in the mid-season by Gerald Paget, but was utterly unable to hold her own with the American type, collectively or individually. In comparison she is clumsy, heavier in every particular of her construction, and not so handsome in appearance. As she was designed on the other side for the express purpose of beating the American representatives of the thirty-foot class, there is some gratification in recording her all-round defeat off Newport.

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club, in declining to accept a challenge from the Lincoln Park Yacht Club that would necessitate building a yacht for which they have no existing class, has shown wise adherence to a policy which is largely responsible for the prosperity of their yachting. The Canadians emphasize the folly of building a yacht that will be worthless to them as a racer, except for the one race with Chicago for the Inter-lake championship. And their objection is sound. The general type of racing-yacht in Canadian waters has a water-line length of about forty feet. When they build, it is to these general dimensions, and the result is a well-filled and interesting class. Chicago will be wise in following Toronto yachtsmen's example. We trust, when the challenge for the next Inter-lake championship is finally sent and accepted, the sportsmanship of the two club committees will revolt against hanging up a purse, as obtained in the race last August off Toledo.

The Inter-collegiate Tournament, won by Harvard, through M. D. Whitman, last Friday, at New Haven, concludes the lawn-tennis season of 1896, and leaves nothing more to be said for this year, save in the ranking of the players. And that is one of the easiest of tasks. There were not more than five men playing this year who could be called first class, and two of those are such uncertain performers that their form could not be relied on in a close match. It has been a year of less activity among the so-called "cracks," of fewer tournaments by the clubs, and yet it has been a most satisfactory year because of the improvement in the second and third classes of players. This fact, after all, makes the year a most thoroughly satisfactory one. Since it is from these classes we draw our future champions, it is well an interest should now be manifest in their development.

Here in the East lawn-tennis may be said to have lost to golf some of its erstwhile devotees, but in the middle and far West there has been no diminution of interest.

In ranking the players this year we are unable to take into consideration, because of their retirement, a half-dozen names that would, if included, entirely change the complexion of the classification. O. S. Campbell played a few practice games, and showed form that with a little work would easily have put him up to his best standard of performance. Clarence Hobart played a few times in public, and in form much below his best, except on the occasion he defeated R. D. Wrenn. E. L. Hall made one appearance, and was easily beaten; and Chace, V. G. Hall, and Foote have not shown at all.

It is very unfortunate that, because of their non-appearance in any of the important tournaments, two players so good as S. R. Neel, of Chicago, and F. K. Ward, of Rochester, may not be considered in the ranking. Neel's only Eastern appearance was in the National Doubles Tournament, when he and his brother won the championship. His record in the West ranks him next to his brother in that section, and he has on one occasion beaten G. L. Wrenn, Jun., although the latter has also won from him.

It is even more regrettable in Ward's case, because his defeat, last month at Niagara, of G. L. Wrenn, Whitman, Ware, and Sheldon, one after the other, in the same tournament, proves him entitled to consideration. As Niagara was the beginning and ending of his tournament appearance this year (and the matches of three instead of five sets), and as neither he nor Neel has been sufficiently tested against the best players, they cannot be considered.

In my judgment the first ten players, based on their season's work, should be:

R. D. Wrenn, champion.
C. B. Neel.
F. H. Hovey, ex-champion.
W. A. Larned.
R. D. Stevens.
E. P. Fischer.
G. L. Wrenn, Jun.
M. D. Whitman.
L. E. Ware.
G. P. Sheldon.

Of the ten, Wrenn and Neel and Fischer have the most creditable records for the year, Wrenn's being fourteen matches won and three (two to Larned and one to Hobart) lost, while his performance at Newport was simply extraordinary. Neel has been the sensation of Eastern tennis this year; not that he was unknown to us, but we had no evidence of how strong a game he could play. His record is thirteen matches won and four lost. Fischer has finished the best season of his career, having won matches from Neel, G. L. Wrenn, and Larned, with a total record of eleven won and eight lost.

It is a little difficult to rank Whitman and Ware. They are very evenly matched, each having defeated the other, but Whitman's general record is the better. Sheldon defeated Ware at Newport, but has not met Whitman.

The Philadelphia Cricketers closed their Australian series, while we were on the press last week, with a match that reflects great credit on their skill and pluck. They won by the handsome score of 282 runs, made in one inning, to the 222 runs of their opponents, made in two innings. This makes the record;—first match won by the Australians by 123 runs in a full game; the second also by the Australians by an inning and 71 runs, and the third won by the Philadelphians by an inning and 60 runs. While the Philadelphians greatly bettered their play in the third match, the Australians went entirely off their form, their batting especially being hardly first-rate second-class. None the less are the Philadelphians deserving of much praise for their gameness in showing such good and improved form in the face of two previous overwhelming defeats that argued them outclassed. Much of Philadelphia's success in the third match may be attributed to the effective bowling of King and the two Clarks.

In commenting last week on Wefers's 120-yard run in 11⅘ sec., an error was made in crediting the world's amateur record to C. A. Bradley at 11⅗ sec. The record is 11⅘ sec., and is held therefore jointly by B. J. Wefers, C. A. Bradley, W. P. Phillips, and F. T. Ritchie.

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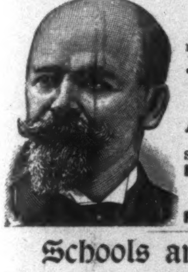

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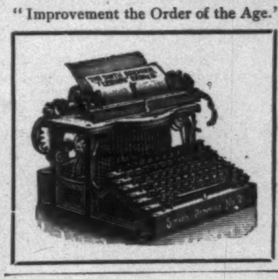

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